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BE TRUE.

BY S. U. W.

When comrades invite you to break away
From the duties to which you're bound,
And to join with them in their idle play,
To whirl in their giddy round,
Reflect a moment before you take
A course you may sadly rue,
And for your own and a dear one's sake,
Be true to yourself—be true!

Be true to yourself each hour of the day,
So honestly, fearlessly true,
That neither a foe nor a friend may say
That he was deceived in you;
Let Honor be set in the highest place,
Secure from the reach of pelf,
And in every case, by an act of grace,
Be true—O, be true to yourself!

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE sea was surging uneasily; every roller came in tinted with a dull gray, for the depths were stirred by the great waves that lashed the barricade of cliffs, and hidden sands were flung upwards to mingle with the heaving waters.

Within the long reef which protected the tiny harbor from the outside roughness, lay a little boat, tossing like a cork on the waves, as Michael and a boy rowed her to and fro, with faces often turned anxiously towards the path which wound its jagged length down the cliff.

When Harold appeared at last, Michael took off his cap and waved it, partly in satisfaction and partly to hurry him up.

On seeing this signal Harold broke into a run, and was soon down on the white sands, which were narrowed now to a mere glistening line, catching the foam ere it dashed upwards with angry roar.

Michael brought the boat to the side of the long reef, which acted like a pier or break-water, and beckoned to Harold to join him there. By any other way it was impracticable to get on board. But between Harold and this ledge of rock there raged and roared a foaming mass of waters through which it was altogether impossible for him to pass without being dashed to death.

On seeing the narrow strip of beach now completely covered, Michael threw up his hands in despair. Then, making a speaking-trumpet of his hands, he called aloud to Harold; but his voice, strong as it was, went out upon the sea a mere breath without sound.

Seeing by Harold's signals that not a word had reached him, he desisted from further speech, and, grasping his oars, gave his attention to the safety of the boat, which required all his care and skill lest it should be dashed against the natural pier or ledge of rocks.

Suddenly the open-eyed wonder of Daniel's boy, Josiah Martin, caught Michael's gaze.

"What be glaazing at, sonny boy?" he asked impatiently.

"The gentleman we've been waiting for. He be climbing the hill like a goat."

"He can't get to us that way," returned Michael. "He must walk to Langarth now, and Daniel must take the 'Curlew' round for 'un. I shall make 'un understand somehow, I reckon, what he've got to do. We'd best start to waunce; when he sees us off, he'll come around arter us."

"Bide a bit; he be goin' to jump!" the lad cried eagerly.

Michael, whose back was towards the shore, turned his head in amazement, just in time to see Harold make a daring spring from the rugged point of cliff to which he had climbed to the ledge of rock below. Beneath him, as he sprang, was a tumultuous sea, whose surf dashed upwards as though hungering to seize him in its relentless grip. For one second his life hung suspended over this raging white death, the next he was safe on his feet upon the firm gray ridge of rock that stretched its giant length among the angry, tumbling waves.

Michael drew a long breath; his face was white, but his eyes shone like coals of fire.

"That was as brave a leap as ever I see in sal my born days," he said as he held out his hand to help Harold into the boat. "I didn't think there was a man alive that could taake sich a spring. You don't count your life for much, sir, I reckon."

"I count it worth millions, Michael. Now for the 'Curlew' as hard as we can row. You see I could not afford to waste more time by going round to Langarth, which was the sole thing to do unless I jumped as I did."

"You shouldn't have waasted them precious twenty minutes, sir," said Michael, regarding him with renewed admiration. "You see the tide wouldn't wait for 'ee."

"The minutes were not wasted, Michael, though, as you say, they were precious indeed to me. Now give way, lads!"

The 'Curlew' was close by, yet it took hard rowing to reach her; and it was harder still to get alongside of her black hull and catch the rope flung to them, and so reach the wet deck drenched with spray. Then the boat was hauled up—it was only a small dingy—the sails were set, and the 'Curlew' put her prow to the waves; and, dashing the foam from her gallant sides, she flew like a bird into the open sea.

Of all the boats that float upon the ocean, the safest and the soundest is a true pilot-boat. Built for every weather and for every wave, it will ride out the fiercest gale, and fly gallantly before a storm that would shatter a stately frigate or founder a huge man-of-war.

"If this wind holds up," said Daniel, "we shall catch the coast of Brittany in six hours. And now, sir, I'd advise 'ee to tackle a bit of crouse [victuals], and arter that titch pipe a croom, and then turn in and slaip till we make land."

Harold felt this was good counsel, for since his hasty breakfast he had tasted no food, and for lack of sleep head and heart were heavy.

"Now then, gawkum [simpleton], what be stopping there for, goggling for gapes like a pattick?" cried Michael to the boy. "Go and get the table titty for denner."

Josiah, with his chin upon his hands and his elbows on his knees, was sitting on an upturned bucket, staring at Harold with the glazed and expressionless eyes of a fish.

"I knawed a miner waunce," Josiah said, rising leisurely, "who jumped down a shaaft for fear he'd be spaled [fined], 'cos, you see, he were laate, but he broke both his legs short like a carrot, and he was carr'd hoam 'pon boords knacked sal to jouds [pieces]."

"What mazedish stram be telling oop now?" said Michael with some anger.

"Teddin't no stram—'tes truth, I tell 'ee And the man was buried a week arter the jump. And there was talk of having a barr'l for 'un 'stead of a coffin, 'cos he was doubled up so like."

"Josiah, my son," interposed Daniel, "I reckon a rope's end will double thee up, ef thee drumbles any longer."

Upon this hint Josiah departed to perform his duties, yet he gave a last glance at Harold with a dissatisfied air, murmuring audibly that if his bones were not broken they ought to be.

"Well, it was a braave spring for a goat, leave alone a' man," acquiesced Michael. "Where did you larn, sir, to maake your limbs so spry?"

"I've been a mountain-climber all my life, Michael—that's the secret of it. I have taken many a longer jump than that, and a more dangerous one. I would rather spring from a cliff than jump a crevasse."

"May I maake bould to ask what that is, sir."

"Well, it is a rent or chasm in a mountain. If you will imagine it as something like the gorge that runs up to the Mermaid's Well, you will be able to form a notion of it, Michael."

"Well, now," observed Michael, "I guess if you was drove to it, you might jump thic plaace, too."

"I should be sorry to try," returned Harold. "I think, in all likelihood, I should be up like Josiah's friend, the miner—in any way but a whole piece."

"The 'tatie-pie es 'pon the taable," said Josiah, leering at with a hungry eye as he turned away from the little cabin; "and the cap'en says, will 'ee plaise to come and maake a clain-off denner to waunce while he's hot?"

Even to this day, when the grand earth-apple has suffered blight and change, a potato-pie is one of the tastiest dishes Cornish hands can make. It is not one of the oldest, though among the best, for all the herb-pies and cakes of Carthage, ancient in repute and renowned in story, are still dainty and delicate realities in the Cornish land. Who that has tasted the golden cakes, the Phœnician cream, and the many pies of courteous Cornwall does not long to eat them again?

Harold did full justice to the old Cornish dish, and felt all his griefs the lighter for his much-needed meal.

"Now, ef you baint too tired, we'll titch a pipe a' croom," said Daniel; and, suiting the action to the word, he forthwith proceeded to light a short black pipe.

Smoking was not as universal then as now, and Harold had not taken up the fashion. He sat on the deck silent, his eyes fixed on the dark, green, trackless hills, whose undulating heights were spread around and beyond him, while a great black sea of thought—wordless, formless—beat in constant waves of pain upon his heart.

"It's ill thinking without speaking," observed Daniel, "when thoughts are black, I reckon, sir, though you be on the sea, your heart's ashore at Langarth. But it's little you can do for the young lady now, sir; she's in other hands."

"That is just the point I am debating," returned Harold. "I fear I ought not to have left her to go on a wild and maybe hopeless chase."

"I wish I was sure of fair weather as I be of falling in with the cutter," responded Daniel. "I know Cap'en Armstrong's ways of sailing as well as I know the north star; and, if I don't steer right down 'pon the 'Alert' afore morning breaks, you may call me a Dutchman. Now, ef 'twas the 'Flying Dutchman' we was chasing, I'd own it would be wild work, and we might so well haul down sails to waunce. There's neither wind nor wave, nor prayer nor curses, nor moan of the sea, nor groan from the land, will ever reach thic ship."

"And you've the right to say that, Daniel, of any man have," said Michael, "for you've seen and chased her, too—many a time."

"Not many a time, my son, but oftener than I ever wish to again. But I've seen worse than the 'Flying Dutchman'."

"Have 'ee sure?" said Michael. "Was it a pixie now?"

"Or a ghost?" asked Harold, half smiling at his own question. "This is just the hour for ghost-stories, Captain."

"But not for making fun of 'em," Daniel returned seriously. "The sea is full of ghosts. Death and the sea are twin brother and sister; and, if a man escapes from the grief of the first on land, he falls into the cold arms of the other at sea. Years come upon years; but death is never tired of giving, and the sea is never tired of having."

"Well, now, Daniel, I reckon even a ghost-story is more lively talk than that," observed Michael, "so let's have it."

"It happened just like this," said Daniel, "and it might be ten years agone. I went down to the wharf waun night just arter the old church clock had gone twelve, for I'd heard say a barque was in, wanting a pilot to taake her on to Falmouth. Well, there was the barque, sure enough, and leaning on the wall looking at her were a man. I spoke to 'un and gave 'un good night, but he didn't maake no answer, and he didn't turn round, nor taake no notice like, and I felt vexed as fire—for thinks I, a civil word deserves a civil word back. So I went up close to 'un, and said, 'Tis a fine night, maister.'

"Not a word would he spake. Then I felt my blood curdly up, and I let go my temper a bit like. 'Thee'rt a queer chap,' I said to 'un, 'not to spake. Why, I'd spake to the devil if he spoke civil to me! You be come from some oogly country, where nobody larns manners, I reckon.' 'Pon that he turns round sharp and glares with his great eyes, and shaws me his faace, white as if he'd been under water a week, and I saw bits of seaweed and tiny broken shells sticking in his whiskers and in his hair.

"This scared me, and I walked up the pier hard as I could go, for I didn't like the looks of 'un at all. But he followed me close, and I could hear the water going 'squash, squash' in his shoes every step he took. Then I spoke to 'un again, for I didn't want to be uncivil to a stranger; but he never answered a word. So then I ran home to get waun of my crew to go out to the barque with me; and I went for my life, and when I got to the end of the pier I looked back, and there was the man standing where I'd left him. I felt glad he was not following me.

"But, when I got to my aun door, there he was standing straight up, his eyes wide open, glaring, and all his teeth showing as if he had no lips. I shook like a leaf, my hat lifted off my head with the rustling of my hair, and the sweat jist boiled out of me.

"I can't tell what happened for a minute When I woke up like, he was gone, and I was in a daze; but I went into the house and got my comrade, and we two went on board the craft and put her into Falmouth. Well, the 'Curlew' conied round there for me, and when I got hoam I was carried to bed and lay sick a month, and sal my hair falled off and 'twas white as snaw at the roots."

Daniel paused as he said this, and shook the ashes from his pipe and refilled it in silence.

"Is thic the end of the ghost?" Michael asked. "Why, I can't see no good in his coming at all!"

"No more can I, my son. But thic barque went down with all hands aboard. She loaded at Falmouth and sailed for Swansea, and foundered in sight of land. Not a soul was saved of sal her crew."

"Well, it's a queer story anyhow," observed Harold, "whether you were ill or well at the time the vision came to you. And, since you are good at seeing ghosts, tell me what you think of the ghost at Langarth—that dark rider. Is he a man or a spirit?"

"A spirit wouldn't want horseflesh to bring him to Langarth," said Daniel. "I say he is a man; but he don't come alone. If a spirit didn't lead him to Langarth, he'd never take that whisht ride."

"I wonder he has never been followed and identified," said Harold. "I wish I had pursued him last night."

"You wouldn't have caught him, sir," observed Michael. "The aunly way to lay hould of him is to get ahead of him—so the ould folk's stories go; and no waun have ever done that yet."

"'Tis my watch now," said Daniel, rising; "and I'll say good-night to 'ee, and I hope you'll slaip well, Mr. Oliver. There's as good a night's rest in this there bunk of mine as in arra king's bed ashore."

CHAPTER XII.

COULD it be possible that from the mystic margin of that land which is far away phantom shapes might beckon or some sad spirit stray?

In gloomy bewilderment this question wandered to and fro through Harold's racked brain as he strove vainly to sleep. All the mingled noises of the night seemed to join in a confused warfare, battling against his slumber, and all reiterated the ever-recurring thought with vexed and fevered persistency.

Should he arouse himself and laugh at the cloudy superstitions which shaped phantoms out of the mist and saw portents in the color of a wave?

Then there rose before him the dead face of his friend, or the sad eyes of his love reproaching him with his unbelief. Roughhew his thoughts as he would, they still took this one certain form—that of fear for the effect of her brother's death on Estrild's mind.

He might fling from his own soul the cloud of superstitious terror that was settling around the bier of Tristram Carbonellis, but he could not hope to clear Estrild's heart of the perilous stuff that weighed upon it unless he could bring forward irrefragable proof that her brother's death was caused by human means without supervention of aught not of this world.

With this conviction came the strengthening of his resolve to gain that proof at however great a cost of toil and time and trouble. Through storm at sea, through labor on land, he would pursue these phantoms whose icy shadows had laid a cold touch upon his love, and he would lay them forever at rest, and bring peace back to her troubled heart.

The sound of the hurried waves surging against the ship's sides, the shriek of the frosty wind among the sails, the creaking of cordage, the tramp of feet above his head, all seemed now the cry of encouraging voices urging him forward on his course.

The overlapping waves, as if weary of their endless wakefulness, broke on his ear with a gentler touch, as though they too dreamed of peace, and thus at length they laid a seal upon his eyelids and rocked him into slumber.

* * * * * *

What was it that awoke him, or seemed to awake him, from the sleep that had fast bound him within its peaceful folds? It was a cry of the night—a faint cry as of some living thing struggling with death, and dying even as its voice went forth in spent weakness.

Then from out the darkness in the midst of the sea he saw a hand—a man's hand—clutching an oar, which the waves dashed to and fro with savage strength like a bit of drift-weed, relentless, regardless that holding on to it in fierce hunger of life was a human soul, clothed with all the tenderness of human hours, and maybe with a picture of home and loving faces in its sad eyes, as, fighting for breath, it was borne onwards and vanished in the hollow of a black wave.

With its vanishing there fell down a great sorrow on Harold's dreaming spirit, for some inward voice, soundless as thought, and yet having words, seemed to pass from him to the drowning man, saying—

"I had no word, no prayer, no cry to utter to thee when I was just as thou art; but now, in the spirit, I warn thee to cease thy quest; some knowledge is forbidden. Had I lived, I would have unveiled this mystery; but, being dead, I hide it."

Only a dream; but never did man strive and agonize awake as Harold strove now in slumber to save the perishing life that drifted fast away into the heaving darkness of the eternal sea. He awoke with cold sweat upon his brow, and hands and arms outstretched like a swimmer's in despair.

The turmoil of a great storm was around about him, and shrieking amid the sails as the little ship flew onwards before the mighty wind's breath.

He rose and struggled to his feet, dazed still with sleep, and wondering with a dull wonder at his strange surroundings. In a moment his mind cleared, the vividness of his dream subsided to a paler hue; it no longer seemed dreadful, but rather the natural consequence of the hubbub around him.

The liquid low light was trembling on the sea as he emerged from the tiny cabin and confronted the spray-drenched faces of the men who had battled with storm and darkness while he slept.

In the dim light he looked at his watch, and noted with surprise that his sleep had lasted seven hours. It had been the dead sleep of a man exhausted by fatigue and excitement.

He gazed around him now as though looking on a new world; but it was a world of waters tumultuously heaving and engirt by a dark sky, save in the east, where the darkness was struck across as by a hand alight lifted from the horizon.

Daniel was at the helm, and by the set firmness of his face, Harold guessed it would be wise not to disturb him with speech. Michael, however, came towards him.

"We have sighted the cutter, sir," he said.

"Where?" Harold cried eagerly, his face flushing with hope.

"To larboard, sir. She is hugging the coast too close in such weather as this, and Daniel is giving her a wide berth. You can't see her now, sir," he added, as Harold rushed to the side, scanning the southern haze with searching eyes.

But on that side darkness still reigned intense and full of the terror and turmoil of storm. It was the heart of the tempest and the night, untouched as yet by the pulse of light throbbing in the east. The might of the sea was appalling; huge waves lifted the "Curlew" to the top of their high crests only to fling her down into deep hollows, where for an instant, ere she rose again, she seemed to be engulfed by a black and seething death.

The close-reefed mainsail stood the storm, the jib was gone, the tiller was lashed, and the stout little ship took the blows of the gigantic seas passively. It was only by holding on with both hands that Harold could stand on the flooded deck.

When the sea is wrathful man's strength is but a straw. There was danger in every rush of water to leeward, there was death in every hammer-blow from each enormous wave that sprang like a living foe upon the gallant little "Curlew," who only shook her wings and flew along her dark and dangerous path still safe and sound in every plank.

At length the light lifted the thick darkness from the sea, and the great gusts of wind that swooped down from the sky rent the clouds asunder and gave to the waves the glory of the sun.

Then, suddenly, as if she were a ghost looming from within a hazy and mysterious veil, the "Alert" became visible for the flash of an instant, and then vanished. Had the sea swallowed her up? Had she disappeared forever?

The blood rushed to Harold's face and back to his heart as he looked out over the haze, and the mighty swell of waters that bore for him now only blankness and death. Slowly he made his way to the helm, where Daniel stood lashed to it, his salt, wet hands on it still, his earnest eyes piercing the sea-drenched path through which the "Curlew" flew.

It seemed a sin at such a time to draw a single thought from the man on whose skill human lives were hanging.

For a moment Harold stood abashed, then his unquenchable desire to reach the "Alert" burned in him again; and, touching Daniel on the arm, he pointed to the coast. He was understood instantly.

"Impossible!" Daniel said. "If the 'Alert' were sinking only a hundred yards away, I couldn't save a man in her. I could but save my own bird, and the lives here trusting in my seamanship."

"But, Daniel, surely the 'Alert' is not in danger?"

"In ten minutes she'll be a wreck. She's drifting on the rocks. It's Capen Armstrong's way; he always hugs the shore too close."

"Can't we reach her? Can't we bear down nearer to her?" Harold cried anxiously.

"If we want to be drowned we can. But I reckon there isn't no waun aboard the 'Curlew' that's wearied for such a whisht death."

Harold turned away with a silent cry of anger in his heart. He had no right to risk men's lives for Estrild's sake, but it would be hard to go back to her with a blank and dreary message of utter disappointment.

Michael came up to him at that moment and put a glass into his hand.

"Catch the right point, sir, and you'll see the 'Alert' plain enough. She's got death for her compass now, and the sea for her grave. It's an awful sight to see brave men perish and not be able to stretch out a saving hand to help them. This has been a wild night, and it's a wild night's work. The Lord forgive the men who sla'ked [decoyed] Capen Armstrong into this!"

Harold scarcely heard his rapid words. He had got the 'Alert' within the focus of the glass. She was on a hungry reef of rocks, and foaming breakers were dashing a white and savage message of death over and above her.

It was horrible to see the enormous waves, and think of their power and strength as they dragged lives down beneath them. Even at that distance the roar of their onslaught on the doomed vessel was wafted across the sea and sky in a low, hollow moan, which touched listening hearts with terror.

The "Alert" was lying broadside on, with a heavy list towards the black cliffs above her, and with her mast still standing. By aid of the glass Harold could see some of the crew huddled together in the rigging, and the sea making clean breaches over the hull.

The scene was dreadful, and so vivid that in imagination he heard the noise of the grinding and smashing of her timbers on the rocks. The spars were carried away. Apparently the doomed vessel had driven before wind and sea for hours, then, perhaps, had tried an anchor, and eventually been dragged ashore.

Her position now was hopeless, and that any life could be saved in this weather and on this iron coast was impossible. No boat could render any service, for the stoutest ever launched could not have lived a minute in that boiling surf. But seemingly no inhabitant of that wild coast dreamed of striving to risk boat or life in a hopeless contest with a raging sea.

On the height, wind-battered and dimly visible amid spray and mist, stood a small crowd of men, who now suddenly lighted a fire of dry furze, whose flame shot up with crackling swiftness, flinging a lurid light over the stormy sea and lighting up the vessel with startling distinctness.

Then it was that Harold, with a quickened pulse, recognized the figure of Captain Armstrong standing on the poop—one hand extended as though in giving some order, the other clinging, he could not discern to what. For one instant the brave face, white but steadfast, was as visible as if clearly cut against the blackness of the cliff, the next the flame fell and darkness followed.

When next, in the swaling of the furze, the flame shot upwards and outwards, the poop was gone—washed away—and the gallant figure that had given commands to the last had vanished.

Harold felt his heart quiver within him with that electric touch of sympathy which a brave man's death conveys to the human soul. He hurried up to Daniel and ventured once more to touch him lightly on the arm.

"Can nothing be done?" Can we not save even one life?" he asked, in piteous entreaty.

Daniel cast one glance at the iron-bound coast, so perilously near, and shook his head with ominous gravity.

"Heaven keep us off that," he said, turning his gaze for an instant towards the white line of breakers tossing like driving snow against a wall of blackness. "Maybe we may pick some one up from the sea—'tis all we can hope for."

A huge cloud at that moment, lifting from the land, passed over the sea to the west, and a shaft of lightning broke from it, rending it asunder as if by a flaming sword; a roar of thunder followed like the crackling and rattle of a thousand muskets; then came a burst and downpour of hail, which struck the deck with tremendous force.

Staggering beneath it, Harold clung to the mast, nearly blinded. As he dashed his hand across his eyes to clear his sight, Michael clutched his arm and pointed to leeward.

Amid the dreadful sea a boat was drifting bottom upwards; two men clinging to it. Like drift-weed, the vision passed on into the hollow of a wave, and was instantly lost to view.

"Gone to death!" said Michael, turning away to look once more on the wreck of the "Alert."

It was the last look, for, as he and Harold bent their storm-beaten gaze on the reef, she was lifted high up on the waves, and then crashed down on the rocks with hideous force.

Here for an instant she rested, and seemed to quiver in every plank; but a wave rushed upon her, and lifted her into deep water, and she suddenly sank by the stern, and went down in a moment, leaving a ghastly blank upon the sea, which struck the eyes of the beholders with the amazement of an unexpected horror.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. VICAT had dined; he sat in a luxurious arm-chair and stretched his large feet aggressively before the fire. Then he put his big thumbs together and the points of his thick fingers, and in this attitude remained some minutes, apparently in deep contemplation.

In reality, he was reflecting on the flavor of the different wines he had tasted, and he was thinking with satisfaction that his position now with regard to the House of Carbonellis would give him the run of their particularly good and choice cellar.

"It's only these old families," he said aloud, "that can do this sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?" asked Mrs. Vicat, looking round the large, dimly-lighted room with a little shiver. "I suppose you mean family portraits and ghosts? There are too many of them here."

"New men can only buy a stock," continued Mr. Vicat, not heeding her, "and must trust the word of the seller as to age and other finer attributes. But, even if they are not cheated, it never turns out the same thing; it's the body, as it were, without the spirit. Now, in these old families, it is just the contrary—the body, which they may be said to bury down in their old dungeons or cellars, gradually wastes or loses all its grosser qualities, and only the spirit remains—the aroma—the veritable ghost, so to say, of the—— Well, my dear, what is there to stare at over in that corner?"

"I wish you wouldn't frighten one, Mr. Vicat, with such dreadful talk! Who wants to hear about bodies and spirits at such a gloomy time as this?"

"Who but a simpleton would ever suppose one was talking of such things? It is the ghost of the grape I was speaking of. I was saying that it is only in an ancient place like this where wine is laid down from generation to generation, that one can taste the genuine article. I never drank such a bottle of Burgundy in my life as that old fogy of a butler gave me to-night."

Mr. Vicat pressed his lips together at the remembrance, and looked down on his thumbs with satisfaction.

"I wonder you can gloat over your dinner and your wine on such a night as this is," said Mrs. Vicat irritably. "Just listen how the wind is howling around these dismal old walls; and think what there is upstairs, and how that poor girl is crying herself to death in loneliness."

"That's her own choice; she could come down here and have cheerful society if she liked."

"She doesn't want cheerful society, especially ours. You know perfectly well that she detests you, and she thinks me but a fool."

"Well, my dear, I won't cavil at her judgment; and her dislike is a matter of perfect indifference to me."

Mrs. Vicat stared for a moment at her husband, as if puzzled by his words; but when she took in their meaning, flushed a little, and searched in her own mind for some weapon of retaliation. But, being a dull woman, it took her some time to furnish up a sharp speech, and her silence gave Mr. Vicat an advantage which he at once seized.

"Your dullness of comprehension, my dear, hinders you from seeing that, although my niece may be perfectly right in her opinion of you, and perfectly justified in her detestation of me, yet in neither case can this alter our position with regard to her."

Mrs. Vicat had been trying to collect her faculties, but this speech, to which she had given a divided attention, pressed them into a heavy lump, from which she could elicit no sparkle of thought.

"I am sorry for her," she said helplessly.

"So am I," returned Mr. Vicat; "but that does not prevent me from being glad for myself. I shall have all the power in my own hands now; and it will be a very nice thing—yes, very nice and satisfactory altogether. It is a large estate to manage to say nothing of the funded property and the dues from the mines."

"Mines?" repeated Mrs. Vicat, who still sat in a collapsed state, seeking amid the jumble and entanglement of her thoughts

for the sharpness that so rarely came to her aid.

"Yes, my dear, mines—or rather dues paid by the mines to her as owner of the soil. Why, the dues alone, I happen to know, amount to four thousand a year; and the estate brings six thousand more. Oh, it is an excellent prospect for me!"

These words struck the spark so much needed to lighten Mrs. Vicat's mind.

"Prospect for you!" she said. "You mean for young Mr. Olver. I'm glad he'll be so rich."

"Glad!" repeated her husband. "Now who on earth except a simpleton would make such a speech as that? You can keep your gladness, my dear, till his wealth arrives, and by that time you will be as old as Methuselah, without being as wise. In my opinion, if this weather continues, that young man's prospect at present consists of a good chance of being drowned; and that's an event I should be glad of—it would save me the trouble of getting rid of him."

"What do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Vicat, staring at him with round eyes full of fear.

"I mean that I have not the slightest intention of helping a needy young man to jump into ten thousand a year. I don't intend to let him marry my niece."

"But she is engaged to him," persisted his wife.

"Well, what then? An engagement is like a house of cards—a whiff of breath or a touch of the finger knocks it into nothing."

"You are a bad man," said Mrs. Vicat.

"Thank you, my love! When a woman can't understand a thing, she usually has recourse to abuse. You must permit me, if you please, to comprehend my own business, and to act by my own judgment, without the aid of your superior wisdom. Now it is my business to marry my niece and ward to my eldest son—and that is what I intend to do."

"They'll hate each other directly they see through your plans," said Mrs. Vicat angrily.

"That's a mere assertion not likely to be fulfilled," returned Mr. Vicat.

"And it is still more unlikely that Estrild will give up the man whom she loves at the wish of the man whom she hates," retorted his wife.

"You grow quite sharp, my dear," he answered coolly. "If she hates me, she won't hate her cousin. You forget that my eldest son is the child of her mother's sister. Not being your son is, I presume, the reason you are not anxious to see him a wealthy man."

Mrs. Vicat looked up, and a slight quiver passed over her foolish honest face.

"I care as much for his welfare as you do. It is not for himself or for his own sake that you wish him to marry his cousin."

"My dear, what a razor you are to-night. You are really giving me some remarkable proofs of your intelligence."

"I don't mind your sneers," she answered—"I'm used to them; but I tremble sometimes for you."

"Much obliged for your solicitude"—and Mr. Vicat laughed disagreeably—"but I believe I am a man who can take care of himself."

"In a worldly way; but, if you will take the trouble to raise your eyes for a moment from the earth to the sky, you will see that there are other worlds besides this."

"I live in this one," returned Mr. Vicat in a hard voice. "I am not going to try a flight among the stars. You had better keep quiet, Amelia—I warn you I have had enough for the present. I can stand a pretty large amount of nonsense, but, as you know, I draw the line always at preaching—that I won't stand."

Yes, Mrs. Vicat knew it. She rose, and stood holding the back of her chair with one hand; it trembled a little.

"I was in love with you once," she said, "and I obstinately insisted on marrying you against my dear father's wish. Well, I deserve to be punished."

"You deserve it pretty often, too, my dear."

She took no notice of this.

"Who is it that says 'our sins turn into scorpions and sting us?' Gilbert told me, but I have forgotten."

"You will have an opportunity very shortly to refresh your memory by asking him," observed Mr. Vicat, "for I shall hurry over the inquest and the funeral with all despatch."

"You can't mean that?" said Mrs. Vicat entreatingly. "Surely you will consult your niece's feelings on these things?"

"I shall consult my own interest, and not such rubbish as a silly girl's feelings. I don't intend to linger here to let Estrild see that young Olver again."

"Oh, Mr. Vicat, you are past praying for."

"Now see here," said that gentleman, turning on her with a sudden fury blazing in his pale eyes—"I have already warned you that I won't stand that sort of thing."

"But I can't help it," returned his wife, retreating, and dragging her chair with her as a rampart of defence. I am bound to pray for you."

"Well, pray away as much as you like; but take care you don't interfere with my plans in any way except praying against them. That you are welcome to do; but touch them with one of your fingers, and you and I have a quarrel which you won't forget very soon."

The voice in which he said this would have chilled the marrow in the bones of a bull-dog; it completely cowed the shrinking woman whose dull mind was little able to find words as weapons of self-defence.

"And one thing more," continued Mr. Vicat, in the same tone, "beware of poisoning my niece's mind with your silly opinions of my conduct. I forbid you to speak of me to her. Your judgment is altogether at fault with regard to what I have to do. I save her from a fortune-hunter—that's a meritorious action—and I make her happy with my son—that's another good deed."

"I don't know the law," said Mrs. Vicat, clasping both of her hands on the back of the chair behind which she stood; "but I believe you want the girl's money for yourself, and perhaps her marriage with your son would give it to you. I know the law always takes away a woman's money."

"Only to give it to her husband, my dear," said Mr. Vicat jocularly, restoring himself to good humor in a sudden way. "Estrild's money will be Gilbert's when he marries her."

Mrs. Vicat looked up; some thought pressed on her mind for utterance which she hesitated to speak. It seemed to be a fear which she was reluctant to shape into words even to herself.

"You know that Gilbert," she began, "is not—is not in good health. He may never live to marry."

"Yes, he will. I shall hurry the marriage; afterwards he may——"

"No; don't say it!" cried his wife. "You frighten me. You mean him to make a will and leave away the girl's own estate from her to you."

"He might so dispose of the personal property," said Mr. Vicat quite calmly—"and I see no wrong in a son taking care of his own father; but the land could not be taken from Estrild during her life. At her death it comes to my son Gilbert under her father's will, whether she marries him or not."

Mrs. Vicat drew a long breath, as if of relief. She was glad to hear that no machination could deprive Estrild of Langarth, and she guessed that the provision in the will over which her husband rejoiced could come into force only if she died unmarried or childless. Yet dimly, in her dull, groping way, she saw how this chance of heirship for his son might lead him into deeds of which she knew his nature to be capable and which she trembled to think of. She turned away from the subject in downright terror.

"Estrild will be thankful to have her cousin with her," she said.

"Cousin! What cousin?" asked Mr. Vicat sharply. "I am not going to allow any cousins to prowl around my niece."

"It is a Miss Glendorgal who is coming," returned Mrs. Vicat. "I heard Estrild order a carriage to be sent for her."

"And why didn't you tell me this at once?" demanded her husband. "It is just like your sense not to name a thing till too late to hinder it! What a pitiable idiot you are!"

Mrs. Vicat was too much used to compliments of this kind to receive these words either with a burst of tears or of anger. She took them stolidly, without change of countenance or of voice.

"I saw no harm in Miss Glendorgal's coming here to help Estrild to bear her sorrow," she said.

Mr. Vicat scowled at the fire without answering. He was wondering what Miss Glendorgal would do or say that might hinder his schemes. He knew her slightly and was slightly afraid of her. He was, in fact, afraid of everybody who might stand in the way of his snatching at the wealth which he was beginning to feel within his grasp.

He listened for a moment to the fierce gusts of wind that were swaying the great trees like reeds, and a smile of hope suddenly twitched his lips and carried his thoughts away.

"There will be wrecks to-night somewhere," he said; "and it's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Mrs. Vicat stared at him with wide-open, frightened eyes, and then stole away without uttering a good-night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FEMALE CRUSOE.—When Hearne, the traveller, who, during the years from 1769 to 1771, made three journeys towards the Copper Mine River, in expectation of finding a sea route north of the American Continent, was passing within the Arctic circle, not far from the Lake Athapuscan, one of the guides of the expedition came suddenly upon the track of a strange snow-shoe. Astonished at the sight, in a region supposed to be many hundreds of miles from any human habitation, the Indians followed up the track, and after pursuing it for some distance arrived at a small hut, or cabin, formed of snow and drift-wood, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. She understood their language, and did not need much pressing to induce her to return with them to the travellers' tent. Here, on being interrogated, she told her story, which was to the following effect:

She was a native of the tribe of Dog-ribbed Indians, who were, or had been, at feud with the Athapuscans. During an inroad of the latter she had been taken prisoner and carried off to slavery. In the following summer, when the Athapuscan Indians were travelling the country, she watched her opportunity, and, on arriving near the place where Hearne's guides had found her, managed one night to give them the slip, intending to find her way back to her own people.

In this, however, she was disappointed. She had been carried away in a canoe, and the twistings and windings of the river were so many and intricate, and so often intersected each other, and there were so many lakes and marshes, that she found it impossible to pursue her route. In this dilemma, instead of resigning herself to despair, as most women would have done, she set about building a dwelling for a shelter during the winter, and calmly took up her abode and commenced her solitary housekeeping.

She had kept an account of all the moons that had passed, and from this it appeared that for seven months she had not seen a human face, and had subsisted entirely by her own unaided exertions. When asked how she had contrived to sustain life, she said that when she ran away from her captors she took with her a few deer sinews. With these she made snares, and caught partridges, rabbits and squirrels. She had also killed a few beavers and porcupines, and was not only not in want of food at the time she was discovered, but had a tolerably good stock laid up for future use. When the snares made of the deer sinews were all worn out, she was ready with another stock, manufactured with the sinews drawn from the legs of the rabbits and squirrels which had fallen victims to her cunning. And she had not only well stocked her larder, but had also taken good care of her wardrobe. From the skins of the various animals she had caught she had made up an excellent winter suit, warm and comfortable, and with a number of pretty ornaments put together with great taste. Her working implements consisted of the broken shank of an iron arrow head and a few inches of iron hoop, roughly sharpened with a knife, and with these she had not only constructed her dress but a pair of substantial snow-shoes. She had found great difficulty in keeping up her fire. With two sulphurous stones she was able, by dint of violent friction and continuous pounding to raise a few sparks, so as to kindle a handful of loose fibres of wood picked small; but the labor was long and wearisome, and to avoid the necessity of it she had not allowed her fire to be extinguished for some months.

When fatigued with the toils of the chase, or when not under the necessity of hunting, she occupied herself with peeling off the thin inner bark of the willow trees which grew about, and twisting it into a kind of twine. Of this she had manufactured several hundred fathoms, and it had been her intent, she said, to make it into a capacious net for fishing as soon as the frost should break up.

Of this remarkable female, Hearne, in his journal, says: "She was one of the finest women I have seen in any part of North America." It would seem that the Indian guides were of the same opinion. Every man among them wished to have her for his wife, so, according to the custom of their tribe, they put her up to competition, and wrestled in the ring for her, the strongest of the party, after he had overthrown all the rest, having her duly assigned to him.

Bric-a-Brac.

PICKLED TEA.—In the Chindwin valley, Burmah, tea is not dried as in China and India, but pickled, and in this form is a favorite delicacy with the Burmese—indeed the only ceremony of marriage known amongst them is for the young couple to eat pickled tea together.

PERSIAN JEWELRY.—The Persian seldom buys his jewelry ready-made; he orders it. When the various pieces have been cast or cut out from the metal supplied by the customer, they are brought to him for inspection and carefully weighed. Then the article is put together in his own house and either under his eye or under the supervision of his servant. Then it is again weighed, then chased and finished, the filings and waste being collected and credited to the customer.

THE MAGPIE.—The country-folk in Oldenburg consider the magpie to be so imbued with satanic principles that, if a cross be cut on the tree in which the bird has built, she will forsake her nest at once. There are several reasons for this bird's bad reputation in the North of England. One of them is "because she was the only bird that would not go into the ark with Noah and his folk. She liked better to perch on the roof and jabber over the drowning world."

IN JAPAN.—Before marriage a Japanese daughter is a child, owing the profoundest submission to her parents and relatives. She has no voice in the choosing of her husband, whom she barely sees, and of whom she knows practically nothing, before the nuptial ceremony. The sexes make pairs, not matches, and the pairing is managed by a go-between. After marriage the wife is little better than a slave or chattel. Docility, sacrifice, and self-effacement are well-nigh the sum of her daily duties.

ALL FALSE.—Swans will not sing before they die, and spiders will not cure earache. Whalebone is not bone at all, and Jerusalem artichokes never saw Jerusalem. Cleopatra's needles were not built by her, and Pompey's pillar has nothing to do with Pompey. The Bank of England holds no colossal fortunes in trust for undiscovered heirs in America. Alfred the Great did not found Oxford University, and Bishop Hatto never persecuted the poor; in fact, this much-calumniated character is said to have been a very excellent and kind-hearted old gentleman, and the rats that swam the Rhine and scaled his castle walls are like the false facts that overrun every page of history and every nook and cranny of our daily lives.

IN COMMON USE.—Among exclamations in common use, "Halloo!" and "Hurrah!" have curious origins attributed to them. It is said by the author of the "Queen's English" that the people of Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire, when they desire to hail a person at a distance, call out, not "halloo!" but "halloup!" This he imagines is a survival of the times when one cried to another "a loup! a loup!" or as we would now say, "wolf! wolf!" "Hurrah," again, is derived from the Slavonic "huraj", "to Paradise," which signified that all soldiers who fell fighting valiantly went straight to heaven. "Prithee" is obviously a corruption of "I pray thee"; while "marry" was originally a method of swearing by the Virgin Mary.

MIGRATION OF BUTTERFLIES.—In midsummer a strange sight may be seen in Central America. This is the migration of butterflies across the isthmus of Panama. About the end of June a few of the insects begin to go out to sea, but their numbers increase daily until, about a fortnight or so later, they form a cloud dense enough to almost obscure the sky. The spectacle is said to be one of singular beauty. When the sun shines on the vast mass of fluttering wings the play of golden-green colors is really wonderful. Should the insects be driven eastward by a rising wind they can be caught by the handful, and the thick stream of wanderers becomes a happy hunting-ground to birds—swallows and fly-catchers keeping up the chase for miles. Where these butterflies come from and whither they go no one knows. The migration has been a standing puzzle to naturalists for years, and as yet its solution has baffled the most patient inquiries of science.

A TURTLE was recently hatched out in the parlor of a Jersey City woman from an egg she brought home last summer as a souvenir of a trip. At the time it was placed in the card receiver, where it remained all during the process of hatching, which latter is attributed to the heat of the room.

UPON THY TRUTH RELYING.

BY T. H. BAYLEY.

They say we are too young to love,—
To wild to be united;
In scorn they bid us both renounce
The fond vows we have plighted.

They send thee forth to see the world,
Thy love by absence trying:
Then go; for I can smile farewell,—
Upon thy truth relying.

I know that Pleasure's hand will throw
Her silken nets about thee;
I know how lonesome I shall find
The long, long days without thee.

But in thy letters there'll be joy;
The reading,—the replying:
I'll kiss each word that's traced by thee—
Upon thy truth relying.

When friends applaud thee, I'll sit by,
In silent rapture gazing;
And, oh! how proud of being loved
By her they have been praising!

But should Detraction breathe thy name,
The world's reproof defying,
I'd love thee, laud thee, trust thee still—
Upon thy truth relying.

E'en those who smile to see us part,
Shall see us meet with wonder;
Such trials only make the heart
That truly loves grow fonder.

Our sorrows past shall be our pride,
When with each other vying;
Then wilt confide in him, who lives
Upon thy truth relying.

TANGLED THREADS

BY L. GALBRAITH.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

THEN he falls to discoursing books again, and slips on from one subject to another, till I am quite at my ease. It is singular how frequently our opinions on men and matters coincide.

My constant studying of the political outlook, which aunt Dorothy considers "an essential point in the education of every well-brought-up girl," stands me in good stead.

So long as we keep on questions of public interest I am quite at home; but when he begins to canvas the charms of Mrs. Dash, "that pretty woman who married So-and-so, and was one of the beauties last season," or the riding of Charley Hardcastle—"you must have seen Charley at Hurlingham, plays for the Sussex county"—I begin to sink steadily in my own—and, surely, also, in his estimation also!

It is so hard to have to explain that I literally know nobody, have not a notion where Hurlingham is, and never saw a game of polo in my life.

"But surely your people take you about?" he inquires in undisguised amazement. "Of course you are very young yet; but you have left school, haven't you, and have, what you ladies call, 'come out'?"

"I left school years ago," I reply. "I am nineteen; but I have not 'come out,' and I never shall 'come out' till—till I am married."

"I am glad you contemplate that contingency," he remarks quite gravely, though I notice his lips are twitching under his heavy moustache. "But I don't quite see how your matrimonial prospects will be advanced by your living in seclusion. What is the object?"

"To protect me from the machinations of unprincipled fortune-hunters."

I quote aunt Dorothy's immortal saying in her own tone, and my companion fairly shouts with laughter.

"A very wise and proper precaution!" he proceeds, when he is grave enough to speak again. "But does it not strike you that you are undoing much of your mother's work when you confide your prospects to me—well, to me, for instance? How do you know that I am not one of those same unprincipled fortune-hunters?"

"I have no mother. It is my aunt who protects my interests. She is my guardian," I explain; "and I did not tell you anything in confidence. Everybody who knows me knows about my money."

"So you are an heiress!" he says, half to himself. "Well, you are a lucky little girl!"

"I don't agree with you," I return, my woeful ignorance of the amusements of civilized society still rankling in my mind. "I don't think I am lucky at all!"

"Nonsense!" he responds unsympathetically. "You have a great deal to be thankful for. It is only girls like you, who don't know what real trouble is, that create grievances out of crumpled rose-leaves, and then call themselves unlucky."

His words make me cross. Crumpled rose-leaves indeed!

In my wrath I forget that I hardly know this man, am in fact ignorant of his very name, and only remember that he must be shown the folly of his off-hand remark.

"I think you are hardly competent to judge whether I am fortunate or not," I begin with dignity. "If you knew all the circumstances of the case, you would perhaps agree with me when I say that I am very unlucky. Do you think it particularly fortunate, for instance, to live in a poky little village quite away in the country, without a single person of your own rank to speak to from week's end to week's end? Do you call it lucky that, when I am in town, I may not go to a single dance, or garden-party, or anything, that I am allowed no friends of my own age, and cannot even walk out by myself—and all because I am engaged to a man who cares nothing about me?"

His face changes.

"Engaged," he repeats incredulously—"engaged! A child like you!"

"Oh, I was much more of a child, I assure you, when that took place! I have been engaged ever since I was eleven years old, and shall be engaged until it pleases my fiance to deign to look after me. Here am I, a reasonable human being, cut off from everything that makes life pleasant, till I am old enough to come into my money and so be worth picking up, unless in the meantime my husband-elect finds something better, and so gets out of the contract! It is a horrible shame, and my father had no business to make such an arrangement for me!"

My outburst has made some impression, I fancy, for he pushes away his chair, and stands, with his back to me, looking out of the window.

But he does not speak, and I begin to remember what an extraordinary thing I have done.

I have been talking about myself, revealing my most private concerns to a total stranger, a man to whom I have never been introduced, of whom I know positively nothing.

My cheeks burn with shame and confusion. This is setting aside propriety with a vengeance! I am trying to frame some sort of an apology, when he turns abruptly round.

"Then—then you don't care very much about this—this fellow to whom you are engaged?"

"Of course not," I reply promptly. "Why should I? We never cared much about each other when we were children—at least, when I was a child and he a great awkward boy. He cried when the old white brood-mare died, but he never minded saying good-bye to me. He does not write to me, except the most stupid notes at Christmas. Besides, he is so ugly, and I never could endure ugly people."

He looks a little surprised.

"Ugly, is he?" he says vaguely. "I can't imagine you engaged to an ugly fellow. How do you know, if you have not seen him for such a long time?"

"I have a photograph, of course, and he is really horrid, with long hair and no moustache; and—and—I don't know—not a bit nice! I know I shall hate him!" I continued dismally, kicking my little boots against the legs of my chair. "He has a dreadful temper. Gannett always said he was a limb."

"What the—I mean who is this Gannett, who is such an authority on the disposition?"

"Gannett was Sir George Fearon's head-keeper, and he used to say, 'Master Jim, you allus was a limb, and you allus will be one, till you get to kingdom come.'"

"Discerning old gentleman! Well, Jim won't get much of a character from you, Miss—upon my word, I really forget that we had dispensed with a regular introduction! I thought you were that lady's daughter; but it seems you are not; so perhaps your name is not 'D'Almayne,' after all?"

"No; Mrs. D'Almayne is no relation at all to me—only my godmother. My name is Varden—Dolly Varden; and, oh, how dreadful you must think me for talking in this way about myself! I am so sorry! I don't know what excuse to make except that you did not seem like a stranger, and I so seldom have any one to talk to that I—I am not like other girls."

"No," he returns emphatically, looking very handsome, "you are not like other girls."

And somehow from his lips it does not sound like a reproach.

We stand silent for a few minutes, and then I remember that time is passing rather quickly, and Mrs. D'Almayne will be waking up.

"I must go," I exclaim, when, in answer to my inquiries, he tells me it is past five; "I shall get into such trouble!"

"How did you manage to get out?" he inquires, and I confess to having taken advantage of my godmother's fatigue and come without leave.

"I must certainly call on the pug, weather permitting!" he laughs, as he chooses two books for me, and helps me into my dry coat. "You shall not be dull down here if I can do anything to prevent it. I knew Mr. D'Almayne a long time ago, and two of the nephews were at school with me, I fancy. If your friend is, as I think, one of the Gaveston D'Almaynes. Yes? That's all right! Then I will come armed with letters of introduction from every branch of the family."

We have reached the end of the Parade now, and I come to a dead stop. I do not quite know what to say, but he catches my upward glance at the windows and comprehends my difficulty at once.

"I am to say good-bye here;" he says, smiling. "Perhaps it is as well Mrs. D'Almayne should not see me till I can produce my credentials."

"Good-bye," I answer; "and please try to forget that I talked so much about myself. I did not mean to bore you."

"That would be impossible," he responds quite gravely and seriously. "I have been very much interested. I hope, having reposed so much confidence in me at starting, you will enter my name in the catalogue of your friends when you know me a little better. Good-bye, Miss Varden."

"Good-bye!"

Then I pause awkwardly.

"You have not told me your name."

"My name? Oh—er—James — Major James! I shall leave a formal card in a day or two, and, if to-morrow should turn out wet, will you change these books at the same time as to-day?"

I nod, and, entering the hotel, tear upstairs, where I find, to my great relief, that Mrs. D'Almayne has only just emerged from her furs and rugs, and receive Pullen's smiling assurance that it is all right.

I parade my books before her, and mention incidentally that there was such a nice fire in the reading-room that I stayed longer than I had intended.

When I look out of the window, the tall figure in its flapping overcoat is half-way up the Parade, and two minutes later it has vanished round the corner of the Parade Gardens into Leigh Place.

CHAPTER III.

LOST, stolen, or strayed, a pug-dog. Fawn, black muzzle and ears. Left foreleg slightly crooked. Had on silver-belled collar, with monogram 'E. D'A.' on plate. Answers to the name of Winkie. Any one giving information about the same to Mrs. D'Almayne, Grand Hotel, shall be rewarded."

Such is the notice posted in every shop-window and shouted by the town-crier through every street of Eastoff on the morning following my adventure at the library.

The whole hotel has been thrown into a state of dire consternation by the discovery of Winkie's loss.

He had been seen sunning himself composedly on the portico-steps, and, when Pullen went in quest of him, five minutes later, he was gone!

Mrs. D'Almayne has been almost frantic. She is sure he has been stolen, for it is an unprecedented proceeding on the part of the obedient Winkie to absent himself for so long without leave.

Pullen has been sent to all the shops to make inquiries, our amiable manager himself having undertaken to go to the police station and see that the above-mentioned hand-bills were out as soon as possible, while his wife has helped me to administer eau de Cologne and sal-volatile to my poor godmother, who is prostrate with anxiety as to her favorite's fate.

Everybody is full of condolence for our misfortune except the hall-porter, who responds to my mournful question, "Has nothing been heard of him yet?" with a most unsympathetic grin.

"Don't you take on about him, miss. The dog is right enough. He'll be back before night, never fear!"

"I hope he may, poor little thing," I say, with reproving dignity, which fails short, it seems, of the desired effect, for, as I turn away, I see that odious man positively and unmistakably wink at one of the waiters.

Mrs. D'Almayne remains on the sofa in tears, so I have to descend to luncheon alone amidst the pitying glances of the shy girls and the feebly-expressed sympathy of the old lady at the next table, who gives me a detailed account of a loss she had herself sustained in the abduction of a valuable cat, while her husband deprecates our mode of setting about Winkie's recovery.

"Crying the dog won't do any good. Police? Pshaw! What do the police know about recovering dogs? Give the first blackguard you meet outside five shillings, and promise him ten more when he brings your animal, and you may have some chance of seeing it again."

It is a quarter to three. The rain has cleared off, the sky is blue, and the sun shining. I have donned a lighter garb than the cold of the last few days has permitted, and am wondering how soon I may safely slip away to the library when Pullen arrives with a card.

"Gentleman wishes to see you, ma'am," she says, in an important tone. "It is something about the dog, the waiter says."

Instantly Mrs. D'Almayne is all astir.

"Show him in—show him in at once!" she cries, pushing her cap up in her excitement until it hangs rakishly over her left ear.

I fly to her, under pretence of re-arranging her headgear, and read the card Pullen has just laid on the table:

"Major James, Royal Horse Artillery."

The next instant Pullen is ushering him in, with Winkie—fat, placid and contented as ever—under one arm, to be deposited in Mrs. D'Almayne's lap and overwhelmed with caresses, to which the little animal responds by suppressed grunts and growls of satisfaction, while we stand by looking at each other foolishly, till the old lady suddenly recalls her surroundings and begins to thank Winkie's deliverer with great effusion.

"We owe you a deep debt of gratitude," she murmurs tearfully, "for I think, if I am not mistaken, it is the same gentleman who so kindly interfered in our behalf at Victoria. Your finding my precious pet to-day is quite providential."

"I don't think your dog has taken any harm," he says with a little laugh. "I hope you and your daughter have not been very anxious about him?"

I cannot help smiling at this ingenious method of reminding Mrs. D'Almayne that she has omitted to introduce us.

"Dear me! I forgot you did not know Miss Varden. Unfortunately she is only my god-daughter, or I should have the pleasure of her society more frequently. Major James, my dear—Miss Varden."

We bow, just a twinkle in his blue eyes betokening that his sense of humor is tickled, and then fall to discussing the circumstances of Winkie's loss and the good fortune that brought him in Major James's way.

Mrs. D'Almayne falls a victim to our visitor's fascinations at once. Before half an hour is over they have discovered at least thirty mutual acquaintances.

He knows the history of every D'Almayne and Gaveston in the country, and has been at Harrow or Woolwich with at least half of them.

He wins her heart by reminiscences of a tip from the late Honorable and Reverend Charles, and enlarges upon his kindness of heart and scholarly renown—in short, installs himself as first favorite, and hardly takes any notice of me beyond an occasional remark flung from time to time, just to keep me from feeling utterly out in the cold.

We all give a start of surprise when Pullen appears with afternoon-tea. He has been here a whole hour. Major James rises from his seat, with many apologies.

"I've stayed a most unconscionable," time he says; "but really it is such a treat to meet some one who knows all one's people. I cannot tell you how I have enjoyed seeing you, Mrs. D'Almayne. I hope you will let me come in again some afternoon. I do want to know exactly how the Paxton-Blunts came to be related to the Touchetts."

"I can tell you this moment," responds my godmother, who prides herself on being a walking genealogical tree to every family connected ever so distantly with the D'Almaynes. "But it is a long story. Do not hurry away, Major James. If you have no other engagement, Dolly will give you some tea, unless you are one of those who despise our favorite beverage."

Naturally Major James "adores tea—always has it in India."

So he comes and seats at my little table, carries bread-and-butter and cake about as if he were to the manner born, feeds Winkie with cream, and talks no more of departing till the first gong sounds for dinner.

Mrs. D'Almayne is in raptures, and enlarges upon his excellent qualities till bed-time.

Of course I do not mind; I think he is very nice myself; but for an old lady like Mrs. D'Almayne, who is seventy at least, and wears a brown front, to take up a man's attention for three whole hours, and then rave about him all the evening like a newly-emancipated schoolgirl, is just a trifle absurd.

"A most charming young man, my dear—carries the *cachet* of good society, besides being exceedingly handsome. You see how Winkie has taken to him. He understood at once the dear little creature's tastes—a less discriminating person would have put milk in his saucer—and such a friend of Keith D'Almayne's too, my godson! Dear, dear! I can remember him a tiny golden-haired baby. He must be a year or two older than this young man. I cannot quite make out to which branch of the James family he belongs. He said Sir David was not his father. Now David had only two brothers—Julius, who lived at Tollworth Priory, and broke his neck in the hunting-field—I don't remember Julius being married—indeed I am sure Julius never did marry—and Frederic, who was in the same regiment as your poor father, and married—surely—yes, he married a Fearon—Claude Fearon's youngest daughter! Claude Fearon was the third son of the father of the late Sir George. Frederick James had sons I know; and this young man must be one of them."

"Married a Fearon!" I ejaculate. "Then, Mrs. D'Almayne, he must be a cousin of Jim's!"

"Certainly," responds the old lady, pleasantly. "Nothing could be pleasanter. He will be a companion for you while we are here. I am not at all in favor of keeping girls shut up like nuns in a cloister, and even your dear aunt Dorothy, who is just a little precise, as women who have never married often are—we all have our little failings, you know my dear—even Dorothy cannot object to your being escorted by a man who is virtually a relative."

But I am less delighted at tracing the relationship between our new acquaintance and my fiance; remembering my strictures on Jim's appearance and character yesterday, I wish to goodness I had been less confidential.

"Don't you think," I suggest, "it would be better not to mention my connection with the Fearons to Major James?"

But Mrs. D'Almayne does not see it, and I can give no good reason for withholding the information, which she promptly imparts the next morning, when we meet him on the Parade, on our way to the bath-houses.

Mrs. D'Almayne is going in for a course of hot salt-baths.

She cannot live except under treatment of some sort—so, after some little discussion she and Pullen vanish within the green portals, leaving me in the charge of Major James, who presently suggests that the Parade is hot, and we might get more ozone by extending our walk.

So off we go down the narrow hilly street, under the queer old stone gateway to the pier, to spend our morning in pleasant, desultory chat and criticise the people who are lounging about us.

"Where did you really find Winkie?" I inquire presently.

He stops, in his occupation of rolling up a cigarette, at my question, and looks at me comically.

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because you have never explained exactly where he was, and, when Mrs. D'Almayne asks about it, you always change the subject."

"So, because it is evident that I don't wish to tell you where I found him, you

are determined, woman-like, to hunt it out?"

"Do tell me?" I plead.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Of course!" I reply promptly.

"But you must prove it first."

"How can I?"

"Have you never heard that the little fingers of persons who can keep secrets are impervious to extreme pressure?"

I begin to laugh.

"I have not heard that since I was a little girl, and Jim used to do it. He always pinched me dreadfully hard, and then I used to cry."

"Evidently you could not keep a secret in those days, and I'm afraid, 'axing your parding,' as the fishermen say, you are not much of a hand at it now."

"Indeed I am!" I protest. "I never repeat anything that is told me in confidence—never!"

"Ordeal by touch," he says sceptically. "I don't part with my secret without good security."

I hold out my finger defiantly.

"You you can try, then."

"But have a glove on. Of course you won't feel through a glove."

I pull off the objectionable covering and hold out my left hand. He takes it and looks at the ringless finger.

"Where is Fearon's ring?" he quickly demands.

"I haven't one."

"Did he ever give you one?"

"Oh, I forgot!" I hasten to correct. "Sir George gave me one that belonged to Jim's mother, with a great many diamonds in it. Aunt Dorothy keeps it locked up in her dressing-case. She says it is too valuable for a young girl to wear every day."

I wait for a second or two, but receive no response. He seems to have fallen into a brown study, and he has forgotten to release my hand.

"Major James," I say, gently withdrawing it from his grasp, "this is not the way Jim did it."

He looks up, with a smile.

"Jim was a little boy then, and did not know the value of his opprotunities. I see you are to be trusted, Miss Varden. I will confide my secret. I found Winkie straying, and I took him home."

"But where did you find him?" I persist.

"On the marble steps of the Grand Hotel."

"Then you did not find him at all. You stole him!" I say indignantly.

"Not quite so bad as that. He came sniffing about me, so evidently anxious to make friends, that I thought it downright unkind to disappoint him, so I gave him an invite to breakfast, which he instantly accepted, and off he went."

"But did no one see you? I cannot think you carried off that dog without anybody being the wiser."

"I don't know about being wiser for the transaction," he answers cheerfully, "but two people were certainly the richer, for I squared the hall-porter and one of the waiters to keep it quiet."

I can understand now why those horrid men winked.

"Please forgive me," he goes on. "It was the only excuse I could invent for calling. The end sanctified the means; so you might extend your pardon."

"What would Mrs. D'Almayne say if she knew?" I remark severely. "She would not call you an estimable young man any more."

"But you will not tell her? You can't, you know, because I only told you under pledge of secrecy."

"I do not think it right to allow her to be so imposed on."

"Very well!" he retorts. "If you tell tales of me, I will retaliate by telling tales of you."

"You have nothing to tell," I observe, with disdain.

"I am not so sure of that," he says provokingly. "Suppose I tell Fearon your estimate of his temper and personal appearance, for instance?"

I begin to get furiously red.

"You said you did not know Jim."

"Pardon me; I said I had not met him lately. I know his sister, Mrs. Charteris, intimately, and, as she adores her brother, I could make matters very unpleasant for you in that quarter."

"You would not do such a horrid, mean, ungentlemanly thing!"

"Neither would you spoil my chances with your fairy-godmother. It strikes me some one besides Jim is blessed with a temper. Come, shake hands, and let us go for another turn!"

So we fall out and make it up again through the sunny July days, for the weather, after that one week of storm-clouds, clears up into one unbroken calm. Day by day the sky is blue and cloudless, the sea green, and the sands golden in the sunlight, and I am as happy as girl can be.

Every morning I go out with the pleasant certainty of finding the Major sitting on the first seat on the Parade, or leaning against the railing of the little bridge, waiting for me.

We hunt the old pier or go for long walks on the sands, and scramble over the wet rocks in search of sea-weeds, while Mrs. D'Almayne is simmering at the large bath-house.

We play tennis in the hotel gardens, steal out after dinner to look at the lights on the French coast, and positively twice my dear naughty old chaperon has been coaxed into letting me go for a moonlight walk along the cliff!

Pullen adores Major James, and does all she can to further his interests, aiding and abetting our little excursions, and is always saying she has "no notion of young ladies being kept mewed up unnatural-like, and never a gentleman coming along."

So she dresses me up whenever our hero is expected, and brings me the loveliest great creamy roses and maiden-hair fern to wear.

I cannot think where she gets them. She says mysteriously they are given to her, and they appear so often that I begin to suspect she is indulging in a flirtation on her own account with the neighboring nursery-gardener.

We never talk about Jim now. He—I have fallen into a way of calling Major James "he," as if there were no one else worthy of the personal pronoun—"he" says—

"Life is so short that we are bound to make the most of it," and we have agreed to put aunt Dorothy, going away, and everything unpleasant out of sight and mind, and just enjoy the present as much as ever we can.

But into the clearest skies some clouds will come, and our best pleasures have in them an element of pain.

So I, being happy, must needs crumple my rose-leaves and give myself twenty-four hours of positive misery all through my own silly vanity.

He asks me one day if I have brought a habit, and, as it happens, I have, for at home my pony has been my only luxury, and, the doctor having once told aunt Dorothy that horse-exercise is very beneficial, she lets me ride whenever I can get a decent mount.

"Why do you ask?" I question.

"Because, if you have your 'turn out,' Green has a ripping little mare down at the stables, which he would reserve for you for the rest of this fortnight. He bought her on spec. from a neighboring farmer, whose wife hunted her all last season. She has a nice tender mouth, and will carry you well."

"What would you ride?" I inquire.

"Oh, a very decent chestnut that is standing there while the owner is abroad! Green obligingly says some one has to exercise the horse, and it may as well be me as one of the men. Will you come?"

"I should like it above everything, if Mrs. D'Almayne will allow me."

"I will manage her," he says confidently, And he does.

We set off on the following morning, with a small admiring knot of onlookers to see the start.

The mare is a little beauty, and I am comfortably conscious of being "well turned out;" while, as for my cavalier, he is always handsome; but on horseback he looks, as a well-made Englishman always does look, at his very best.

"You can ride," he says approvingly, as we pull up after a delicious canter over the long sweep of grass that borders the downs. "Do you ever ride to hounds?"

I shake my head mournfully.

"Aunt Dorothy does not approve of ladies in the hunting-field. She would not even let me go to the meets."

"You would be all right with a good pilot. You have both seat and hands. Take that little fence on the left there. Keep her well in hand. Green tells me she is a bit inclined to rush her fences."

"Why, it is not worth calling a fence," I say contemptuously, as the mare switches over. "Now, if you had said that, it would have been something like a jump."

And I point with my whip to a formidable hedge with a very insufficient gap.

"That is not a place for a girl to take, even if the mare could get over, which she could not do."

"I fancy she is quite equal to it," I assert contumaciously.

"Then your fancy is a little in advance of your judgment. Come along, I don't want to be responsible for your broken neck."

"Then it is not the horse you are afraid of, but me?"

"My dear child," he says, a trifle impatiently, "with your age and experience, no one expects you to ride like Mrs. O'Donoghue Power. You have a good seat and light hands, and you look very nice in your habit. But a regular hard rider would think twice before taking that fence, and you most certainly are not up to it."

"Are you good enough for it?" I inquire impertinently.

"With a very good hunter, with which I was on very good terms, I might negotiate it. But I am quite sure I should not try so long as I could get into the road some other way."

"And you don't know any woman who would go for it?"

"I did not say that. I do know one woman who would take it like a bird. But she is a thorough sportswoman, always perfectly mounted, and has nine lives, or her neck would have been broken long ago, and my heart too, for she is one of the nicest women in the world. Do come on, or we shall never get to Sheepstone and back before luncheon."

We ride on, but the pleasure of the morning is spoilt for me—vain goose that I am! I cannot bear him to acknowledge that any one is my superior in anything.

I am continually tormenting myself with guesses as to who this woman, of whom he speaks with such evident admiration, can be.

I am longing to show him how he has under-valued my powers, and nothing will drive that unlucky fence out of my head.

"It has taken longer than I thought," my companion says, looking at his watch, as we leave the downs behind us on our homeward way. "We must push on, unless we mean to be late for luncheon, and have a rescue party sent from the hotel in search of us."

We have come on to the downs again, and straight before us, looming dark in the distance is that hateful hedge, separated only by a couple of fields from the low road to Eastoft. Major James looks anxiously up at the sky. The sun, which had shone so brightly all the morning, has hidden itself, and a heavy storm-cloud is coming up fast.

"I am afraid we are in for a shower," he observes uneasily. I don't think it will be much; but enough probably to wet that thin habit of yours. If we could only cut across into the road, we should be home in twenty minutes."

A sudden evil idea takes possession of me. Here is my opportunity. He shall acknowledge that there is more than one woman in the world who can take a stiff fence "like a bird."

"Why not?" I say nonchalantly. "It is only a cut across country. I'll give you a lead, if you like."

And I put the mare at the fence. It takes him a second to realize my intention.

"Don't be rash!" he shouts. "She can't do it. For Heaven's sake pull her up while you can!"

"We shall make the gap bigger, at any rate!" I call, as I see him make obliquely for the same point, and realize dimly that he means, if possible, to cut me off.

Irritated by what I think is his obstinacy, I touch the mare sharply with my whip. She is a game little animal, but this time I am asking too much of her. An older horse would have resented the demand by a refusal, but she, being young, accepts it.

There is a rush through the air. I feel her rise under me, hear a distant shout mingled with the buzz and singing in my ears. I have just sense enough to kick my foot free of the stirrup before a hundred stars seem to flash before my eyes. A heavy weight across my chest is crushing the breath out of me, and a dense darkness falls upon my senses like a pall.

Slowly I come back to consciousness, to find his arms round me as I lie on the grass; to hear his voice murmur in an agony of relief—

"My darling! Thank Heaven, she is coming round!"

I open my eyes. The mare is still in the ditch. A man is holding the other horse, and frantically gesticulating for some laborers in an adjoining field to come to our assistance.

I get up and find, beyond a good shaking and a few bruises, I am unhurt, thanks to great good luck, and the prompt help that pulled me from under the mare almost directly. My hat is crushed, and I am covered with dust—a very different object from the spruce trim girl who left the Grand Hotel so merrily three hours ago.

The laborers come up presently. There is a discussion of ways and means, a little digging about the bank of the ditch, a rush and scatter of the knot of men as the frightened horse rises out of their midst, and, to my infinite relief, shows no visible signs of injury.

"She's all right, sir, I think," says one of the men, who is feeling up and down the mare's legs, and looking to the girths.

"My word, but it might have been a nasty spill! The young lady had more pluck than sense to send her at a place like that."

"Did she kick you getting up, sir?" inquires another. "You have hurt your hand, I'm afeared."

"Nothing much, thanks. She caught my wrist, that's all. If you will put the lady up. You are equal to going home, Miss Varden, are you not?"

"Oh, yes; quite, thanks!"

I try to carry matters off with a high hand, but I am dreadfully ashamed of my concealed obstinacy and its results. I feel hurt, too, that after my accident I am turned over to the care of a chance bystander. I think he means to punish me for my disobedience. Of course I deserve it, but—I do not like it.

I remount in silence. The men, with a "Thank ye, sir," have shouldered their spades, and we are free to pursue our way.

I am too humbled and vexed to talk much. He keeps up a desultory conversation, but I feel it is constrained and utterly unlike his ordinary manner. Oh, if he would make some reference to my escapade—say one word of blame! But, no; he avoids all reference to the matter, and I have not the courage to introduce a subject which he so persistently ignores.

Luckily nearly every one is indoors for luncheon or dinner, and we meet very few people in the streets through which we are obliged to pass before reaching the hotel, so I am spared the mortification of casual comments on my dishevelled condition. When we pull up at the Grand, the manager comes down the steps to meet us.

"Mrs. D'Almayne was just beginning to be anxious. Luncheon is half over. Why"—changing his tone suddenly—"surely you've been down, Miss Varden. No harm done, I hope?"

"Fortunately not," Major James answers for me; "but it might have been a nasty accident. May I trouble you to give Miss Varden a hand down, Mr. Firth? Oh, here is Green's man!"

Much aggrieved by this second indication of wrath, I turn and look at him reproachfully.

And then, and then only, do I notice that his face is pale and contracted with pain, and his left hand is hanging helpless at his side.

"Major James," I gasp, "you are hurt, and you never told me! Oh, I am so sorry. What shall I do?"

"Go upstairs and change your habit; and please do not make a scene here. There is nothing the matter with me that cannot be set right again. But you will oblige me very much by taking off that disreputable hat before the whole hotel assembles to hear our story. The mare is all right, Tom. She had a bit of a spill over one of those fences on the downs, but there's no harm done. You can take her home now, Firth, I wish you would get me some brandy. I see Doctor Leigh is crossing the Square there. Just let your porter stop him. It will save my walking up to his house."

I go upstairs in abject misery. Not all Pullen's petting and condolence can convey comfort to my soul.

I sit and weep, refusing all offers of luncheon, till the good-natured maid promises to try to find the real extent of the damage.

So she goes downstairs, while I sit miserably waiting for what seems to me long hours of feverish suspense. I have just worked myself up to an agony of excitement when the door flies open and admits Pullen with a tray in her hands. I run to her instantly.

"How is he? What have they done with him? Is he very ill? Oh, Pullen, tell me quickly, or I shall die."

"Now, Miss Varden, I'm ashamed of you. Put on your dressing-gown this minute, or I won't tell you a thing."

She has set the tray on the table, and begins to dress me as if I were a little girl.

"I will put on anything, only tell me," I entreat.

"Well, miss, the Major has just gone. Doctor Leigh has driven him home in his brougham. I've been in seeing him and helping the doctor, for Mrs. Firth told them how I had been three years in the hospitals, and would be of more use than any of the servants, and she herself with no more nerve than a kitten. It is his wrist that is broken. Now, miss, don't take on like that. It is downright foolish. The doctor has set it beautiful, and he is quite comfortable now. Only, he is to keep quiet, so you won't see him again to-day. I was to give you this, after you'd taken a glass of wine. The Major said, 'Make her drink the sherry first, Pullen.'"

I seize the glass and swallow the contents, then I tear open the scrap of paper she holds out to me. It is written in pencil, in straggling backward characters.

"Have some lunch and two glasses of sherry, like a good girl, and rest quietly afterwards. I am all right now; but it will add much to my discomfort to know you are troubling your little head and making yourself miserable on my account. I am so thankful you are safe. Shall see you to-morrow. "Yours, "F. J."

I would not part with that tiny note for all the world. I hold it fast in my hand, and read it again, while I struggle to obey him, by eating the lunch sent up for me.

The sherry does much to help me, for I am in truth a good deal shaken, and gladly give in to Pullen, who insists on tucking me up on the sofa for a thorough rest, before undergoing the cross-examination which I know awaits me from my dear old hostess.

She darkens the room, and leaves me with books if I want them. But I can neither read nor sleep, nor indeed do anything but think of my hero's courage, and lament my own wilfulness. How good he was to me! Not one word of reproach has crossed his lips; not a shadow of complaint, even though he must have been enduring agonies all through that ride home. And he is suffering now, and it is all my fault. I can never forgive myself, never.

I read my little note for the fiftieth time. Never before have I seen the initial of his Christian name—"F." Is it Frank, I wonder, or Fred? or—I cannot think of anything else beginning with F, but Felix, and I do not believe it is that. I think it must be Fred. He looks like a Fred. I take out a pencil and write "Fred James" on every available corner of a sheet of note-paper, to see how it looks, and while I am doing so my eyes gradually close, and, still drowsily forming a flourishing capital "F," I fall asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAID IN KIND.—A cook of a kindly nature was very fond of giving food to the beggars that came to the door. Her mistress, disapproving of this custom, reminded the cook that the food was not her own to give. The cook excused herself by saying, "The people I give to are in great distress, and I do not think you should mind my relieving them." The lady, finding remonstrances useless, thought she would try the effect of a practical lesson; so, being asked for clothes one day by a poor woman who told a pitiful story, she took a pair of the cook's boots and gave them to the beggar. The cook, when she heard what had been done with her property, was very angry, and complained to her mistress, who answered, "The poor woman was in great distress, so I do not think you should mind my helping her."

THE WRONG END.—An Irishman tried to shoot a sparrow with an old Springfield musket. He fired. The bird, with a chirp or two, flew away unconcerned in the foreground, and Pat was swiftly and noiselessly laid on his spine in the background. Picking himself up, and shaking his fist at the bird, he exclaimed, "Be jabers, you wouldn't a chirped if you'd been at this end of the gun."

THE death-rate of the world is computed about 67 a minute, 97,700 a day, and 35,689,833 a year; while the birth-rate is 79 a minute, 100,500 a day, and 36,792,000 a year.

TO A SEA-SHELL.

BY J. W. M.

O, sea-shell, singing, as if in thy soul,
In a melodious low-voiced monotone,
Of sounding shores where foam-bright breakers roll,
Of sunlit seas where but wave-songs are known!
Thy crimson-wreathed ear, to days long flown,
Drank deep the wondrous music of the sea;
And now thy heart, with mingled mirth and moan,
Still sighing swells with ocean's melody.
A shell upon life's morning shore like thee,
The sad soul, severed from its natal bays,
Yet holds high treasured in dear memory
The glorious cadence of love's early lays,
And pleased in sorrow, listens to the low
Heart-holden symphonies of long ago.

The Stone-Breaker.

BY F. W. R.

CHAPTER II.

"WATER!" he gasped out at last—"water!"

"Yes; I'll get it, from the Falls. It's a blessed long way, though, down the valley. Do you think you really care about it?"

"Wa—ter!"

"I shall be gone half-an-hour, or three-quarters; I don't think it's worth your waiting all that time for; you'll be dead before I get back."

"Water!" he moaned again, and he looked so queerly at me that I went.

I had slung round me my little can, that had had cold tea in it—at least they always called it tea at Fechenaber poorhouse, and it might just as well have been called a hair-wash—and it would be easy to fill the can when I got to the stream—that stream which the Falls fed, and which was such a confoundedly long way off.

But I should be rewarded by the young gentleman's friends and executors; I should have done my duty; I should have saved his watch from being stolen; I should have acted altogether the good Samaritan.

I went across the fields—field after field, and all down-hill—I did not guess what the coming up again would cost me.

I got excited, and began to run and stumble, when I heard the waters in the distance murmuring, splashing, roaring as they leapt over the black rocks, and went headlong down forty feet into the boulder-strewn brook below—the brook to which I was advancing gingerly, sliding down amidst a wilderness of bracken and bramble.

I reached the stream, filled my tin can, and prepared to reascend. No, I had not calculated on the trouble it would be to me to get to the level of the highroad again.

I had not made sufficient allowance for my old age and shaky knees and paucity of breath.

It was the task of a Hercules to work one's way through that stiff ascent of underwood, with the brambles catching at every turning and hooking small pieces of my wardrobe from me, and running into my flesh and wounding me.

I thought I should die before I reached the top, and so get the start of the young fool who had sent me on such an errand, and be in heaven before him.

I could fancy his surprise at finding I was there already, and I wondered if he would ask me first thing if I had got his watch safe, or could tell him what the time was?

I was hot and sick and puffy, and red as fire with constant rushes of blood to the head, and every step which I dragged upwards I cursed the folly which had placed me in this absurd position.

If I had thought for a moment or two I must have guessed that the bicyclist must be dead before I got back, and it would have been easy to sit down and wait quietly till it was all over.

But my impulsive nature had taken me to the stream, and here was I crawling on my stomach like a lizard, trying to get back again, and feeling fit to die, and swearing horribly.

I blush now to think of the oaths that escaped my lips with every fleeting breath; but I had been unused to this kind of exertion, had never laid myself out for it, and found that it was doing its very best to kill me.

I think I must have lost my consciousness at last, for I lay on my tin bottle and made no effort to get up and crawl the rest of the way to the wounded man. I was done for, if I did not take care.

I was nearly at my last gasp; self-preservation was the first law of nature, and he had better do his last gasp than I.

It was all his fault, dashing down the hill like the maniac that he was. Why should I kill myself for him? What was he to me?

But when I had recovered my breath I gathered myself together, and crawled upwards the rest of the way.

I got to the highroad again; the Lord knows how long I had been gone, but the sun was going down sharpish behind the slate hills, and there were gray shadows on the landscape.

And in the highroad where I had left the wounded man and his shattered bicycle there remained no trace of either—everything had been cleared off—and it was all like a dream.

* * * * * *

For days and days, for weeks and weeks afterwards I tired out my brains in wondering what had become of the man I had left for dead on the Chocadoc road. Was he dead? and had he been carted away? Had he recovered?—was it possible he had recovered after such a terrible crumpling up, and walked off with the fragments of the bicycle under his arm?

Had he been picked up by passers-by whilst I was absent, and if so where had they carried him?

Had some tramp seen him, and finished him entirely for the sake of the purse of money he might have had, and dragged him amongst the ferns and blackberry bushes, where he might lie for weeks undiscovered?

Had I really dreamt it all and there had been no accident whatever? Had my brain given away beneath the occupation of stone-smashing, and this was my first delusion as a neat start off?

I could have believed these two last solutions to the mystery had it not been for the decisive reality of the watch. I had the watch; it was a tangible fact. It was a beauty!

And what to do with it? There was the trouble and the uncertainty.

To tell the master of the workhouse was to have his officious paws on it in his extreme anxiety to take care of it, to lock it away from me, to advertise it in the newspapers, to get it, by hook or by crook, out of possession, to wait till I was dead and stick to it.

I could not trust anybody, I never did trust anybody; why should I trust him? Was I not able to manage my own affairs better than other people could manage them for me?

Had I not more forethought than the poor ignorant hirelings by whom I was surrounded?

I would wait. Everything comes to him who waits, they say, even gold watches with monograms in diamonds on their backs.

I should hear of the man presently, and failing to hear of him in a year or two—say in a month or two—one might reasonably presume that the watch would never be inquired for. But what had become of him?

I looked in the "Fechenaber Observer" every week—I could always get a glimpse of that badly conducted periodical—for an account of an "accident to a tourist." Never a word.

I read the contents-bills of all the other papers outside the stationers' shops; there was not a line in big type recording any disaster on the Chocadoc road. All kinds of accidents except the accident that had happened to him.

There were no advertisements for missing property either, no rewards offered for the recovery of a valuable gold chronometer.

I had to look at that watch twenty times a day to make sure that I had really got it. I cannot assert that it was a comfortable acquisition: I had to keep it loose in my trousers pocket like an apple, and to sleep with it at the bottom of the bed like a foot-warmer. I was always in dread of its being discovered on me, of my being regarded as a receiver of stolen goods—of my being remanded at police courts until inquiries were made, and the inquiries bringing the owner forward with his whole story, which he, if of an imaginative turn of mind, could twist round to my disadvantage.

There were times when I thought it would be better to sell it and have done with it; but a man in the infamous livery of Fechenaber workhouse offering for sale a watch and chain of that description seemed too suggestive of robbery and murder for a sane man to risk. I would wait a little longer.

I believe the possession of the watch, and the constant workings of an overwrought mind as to what had become of the missing man, stretched me at last upon a sick-bed.

I felt it coming on by degrees, so I had time to prepare for the crisis. I was sure that it would not do for the watch to be discovered in my possession whilst I lay defenceless in bed, so I went out for a last bit of stone-breaking I felt I should do for a long time, put the watch and chain in my tobacco pouch, wrapped the tobacco pouch in last week's "Observer," spat on the lot for luck, and buried my treasure under a big beech-tree, which had been struck by lightning years ago, and which lay to the right of the third milestone from Fechenaber.

And then I went back to the poorhouse and took to my bed like a lamb.

It was only my usual winter's complaint—rheumatics and that kind of thing allied to a compound wheeze; but I had had it—oh, nice and regularly—every winter, and was pretty well prepared for it.

I was sorry it had come on earlier than usual, and so were the people at the house, because I had rather more of their company, and they had rather more of mine, than was altogether conducive to perfect harmony between us.

I never could get on with them long together—they were not of my mental calibre.

There was nothing in common between us but our poverty; and as for the infirmary nurses and the master of the house, they were as ignorant a lot as one might naturally expect in such an out-of-the-way corner of South Wales as Fechenaber was.

It was a very sharp turn at last with me, I turned the corner by the merest shaves.

I was so sure that I was marked out for a premature decease, and that the world would find out too late what a man it had had in its midst and cruelly ignored, that the watch got upon my mind again, and I talked in my sleep so much about it and the diamonds on the back, and J. W. L., and milestones and beech-trees, that they shaved my head to keep me cool and comfortable.

I sent for my granddaughter when I was at my worst.

Kitty and I had not agreed very well of late days; she had married without my consent a hulking brute of a dock laborer, who did menial work about the harbor at Borthmouth, and I had expressed myself forcibly upon the disgrace to the Penprases such a match had been, and we had not spoken since the marriage.

But one forgets family feuds when the breath is short and there is a rattle in the throat; at least I did, not being a malicious man.

Besides, there were a watch and chain hidden under a beech-tree three miles from Fechenaber, and I did not want any property of mine to go out of the family—to lie idle for ever and ever under the ground like my very unfortunate self.

Kitty responded to my call, and, much to my surprise and vexation, she brought her husband with her.

I did not want to see him; he was essentially a vulgar man with a voice like a bull of Bashan's and a fist like a shoulder of mutton.

He was one of your big men, and big men have always been my abomination. They have never any intellect. I am small myself; so was Napoleon, Nelson, Victor Hugo—weren't they?—and a great many more that I could mention if I had the time to recollect them.

I don't quite know how it is, but I always distrust a big man. I distrusted Thomas Griffiths, and when they came I did not breathe a syllable about the watch and chain, and I think they wondered why I had sent a message in such a tremendous hurry saying that I was ill and had something particular to say before I died, and then only lay and coughed at them for an hour and a half.

Kitty was very much distressed at my condition, as well she might be, and cried a great deal, as well she might do, considering how she had neglected me and failed to appreciate me.

"He's the only relation I have in the world, Tom," she sobbed.

Tom looked as if he thought that was an advantage rather than otherwise if I were to be taken as a sample, but he had the common decency to keep his mouth shut. But I could read him well enough. I knew what was passing in his mind, for all his bovine stare at me.

"I'm sure this nasty workhouse is killing him, Tom. To think that my own and only grandfather should have to die in the Union!" she went on.

"There's many a better nor him have had to it," was the brute's answer; "it looks comfor'ble and clean."

"It's the air and the position that's preying on him. But grandfather always was so—so——"

"Stuck up?" suggested her husband.

"Proud like. And he was clever too—very. Oh, Tom," she cried, "don't you think we could take care of the poor old fellow till he died!"

"I don't mind," he said; "if it please you, lass, have him. It isn't nice-artinly"—he always said "eartinly"—"to have to own the parish planted the old boy."

"And I might nurse him and bring him round again. Who knows?" she said.

Tom did not seem to regard this point of view with as much favor as the last suggestion, but he did not make any comment upon it. Bringing me round had, I daresay, to his little mind, its drawbacks.

They had their way. I let them have it. They carried me from Fechenaber to Borthmouth, where Kitty did the nursing very well.

I had nothing to complain about except the weak character of the beef-tea, and the noise her husband made, tramping in and out of the place in iron-cased boots that shook the whole house like a jelly. Kitty brought me round, as she had thought she might do.

Thus, I was free of the poorhouse and of stone-breaking in my latter days; and Kitty bought me a whole ream of paper and a box of pens, and sat me by the side of the fire, and said:

"Now write, grandfather, something that shall astonish us at last."

"It will keep him quiet at any rate," her husband said gruffly, and I did not thank him for the observation.

Keep me quiet indeed! As if I made one quarter of the thundering row which he did upon the premises!

My granddaughter Kitty had some of the family pride in her—on her mother's side, of course.

"I hope you will not say anything about Fechenaber poorhouse, grandad," she said to me one day. "There's no occasion you should own to that, and lower us."

"I'll never mention it, Kitty," was my promise to her.

Not that I should have been likely to mention it. Why, everybody in Borthmouth thought that I had lived most of my time in London, engaged in literary pursuits. I had told them so myself.

No one could have dreamt that a man of my general appearance and attainments had broken stones on the Fechenaber road, or that I knew as much as where the road was.

And that road was troubling me. I wanted to be on it, and to get my hidden treasure into my own hands again. It would be more easy to dispose of in this neighborhood; some master-skipper might take a fancy to it, and give me a round sum down, without asking any questions.

What was the use of my treasure to me when I had not benefited one farthing by it? I had kept it long enough for the rightful owner to turn up and claim it surely. Then why didn't he? But what excuse could I make to get towards Fechenaber, and how was I to raise the capital to meet the expenses of the journey?

Tom Griffiths was a covetous sort of man, and kept me cruelly short of pocket-money.

"You can jog along if I find you in baccy, dad," he said, and so I jogged along without much thanks to him.

I had been about eight months with the Griffithses, when a chance seemed to present itself of getting Fechenaber way. Some people in the town were moving in that direction—shopkeepers who supplied me with stationery—and their goods and chattels were to go by road and take two days.

It was summer time again, and I suggested that I thought that the ride and change of air, and the violent exercise of hanging on to the tailboard of a van without springs, would do me good. So it was settled, though it was not a journey that was ever to come off.

The day before the expedition, I was at the extreme end of the stone jetty, or harbor as they please to call it, ostensibly watching the fishing boats come in, but planning out my scheme to reach the withered beech tree on the highroad without arousing the suspicions of those by whom I should be accompanied.

It was nearly sunset, and a fine calm evening. I was looking out to sea, with my back to the town and to the jetty along which I had come for a breath of fresh air.

The Griffithses' house was always uncommonly stuffy. I knew somebody was advancing by the rattle of heels upon the cobble stones, but I did not look round. I was not curious to know who it was. Very likely it might be Tom Griffiths come to fetch me home, and put me to bed like a baby.

They treated me like a child—and that was another drop in the cup of bitterness, which I had to quaff to the dregs.

Yes, it was Tom Griffiths, but not alone. There was a stranger with him—a young man in a dark blue suit, I saw when I turned round at their call.

"Daddy," said Tom, "here's a gentleman been all over Borthmouth inquiring for you. Here he is, sir," to the gentleman; "that's Mr. Penprase."

I thought I should have slid off my stone post into the sea when I saw who it was. My head swam, and my eyes tried to pop out of my head, and my heart went galloping on anyhow.

It was the man who had come to grief on the Chocadoc road twelve months ago.

He walked up to me and faced me. He had not altered much since I had seen him last, and there was the same ridiculous inclination to burst out laughing which I had noticed last time.

There was an ugly scar in the middle of his forehead, which one could see very distinctly, as he wore a straw hat on the extreme back of his head, like a "silly Charlie."

"Mr. Penprase," he said, "I am very glad to find you. I had almost given up the hope of ever coming across you again. How are you?"

I did not answer. My thoughts did not flow as rapidly as they used to do when I was writing for the magazines. I wanted time for cool reflection.

"Don't you know me?" he added.

"I never set eyes on you in all my life before," I said, with a vacant stare at him.

"You don't know me?"

"No."

"You recollect my meeting with an accident on the Chocadoc road?"

"I never saw anybody meet an accident. It's time enough for an accident when it comes, isn't it?"

He threw his head back and laughed again.

"Ah! you are a sharp old boy—I remember. My memory is better than yours, you see. You were breaking stones on the high road when I first saw you."

"Doing what?"

"Breaking stones."

"I've had my trials, but I've never come down to that. Only workhouse people break stones."

"Well—you had come from the workhouse at Fechenaber. You said so yourself."

"I never heard tell of such a place."

The man looked puzzled—as well he might. I did it very well. I was on my guard now, and acted to the life. I have often thought I should have made a most excellent actor had I ever had the chance.

"Your name is Penprase?"

"That's my name, sure enough. I don't deny that."

"It's not a common name."

"There are plenty of that name in those parts."

"And you're not the Penprase who was laid up last winter in the infirmary of Fechenaber poorhouse?" he asked, to my surprise.

He had been there after me, the sneak—he had been scouring South Wales for me. I must keep to my own story at any cost till I had time to think what was best to be done.

"No," I answered, "I am not that Penprase."

"Gosh!" suddenly cried out that stupid ass Griffiths.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the young man, wheeling himself round, and looking up into Tom's face.

"I left my pipe at home," said Tom, who could tell a lie sharp enough when he liked; and away he clattered down the pier as hard as he could go, and left us both—as he owned afterwards—"to fight it out atwixt us." Which was mean of him.

What protection had I, if this stranger were suddenly to lose his temper and tell me I was a thief? I looked after Tom—I called after him, but he did not, or he would not, hear me; and there was I left alone with my persecutor—perhaps my prosecutor presently—who could tell? I broke into a cold perspiration at the very thought of it.

Why, the man might begin bawling for a policeman within the next five minutes; he had left off that silly grin of his, and was regarding me now gravely.

"You have been ill, haven't you?" he asked when we were alone together.

"I don't know that I have."

"Your grandson-in-law owned as much as that. Since you have been here, I mean?" he said.

"I'm an old man, and likely to feel queerish now and then. What are you asking me all these questions for?"

"I thought perhaps your memory might have gone lately. I hope it has."

"That's very kind of you," I replied; "but it's as good as ever it was."

"And yet you do not remember my spill on the road near the Chocadoc Falls, and your running off to get water—and whilst you were running a cart came by and took me and my broken traps off to the first doctor—and a deuce of a long way off he lived. But he patched me up."

"I'm sorry to hear you have been hurt, young man—but I don't know anything about you."

"I should have come to Fochenaber to see you as soon as I got well, but my leave was up and I had to join my ship. It's only lately that I have got back to Wales and managed to get this way home again."

"What did you want to see me for—or the poor pauper that you take for me?" I asked.

I thought I must ask that question, though I was afraid of what was coming, and knew—as I thought—what would be his answer. But he took my breath away by saying—

"To reward the old man for all the trouble he took to get life into me. To thank him for the run he had for the water which I never stopped to drink. And by Jove, it must have been a run! I have been to that break-neck valley since and it's a rare up-and-down place, and takes it out of a fellow."

"It's a dreadful place——"

"Eh!"

"I have heard," I concluded. "I don't know anything about it personally."

"Well, then, I won't take up your time any longer, Mr. Penprase."

"Thankee."

"Yours is a wonderful likeness to the other gentleman at the Union; and you—but it is getting late. By Jove, it must be close on eight o'clock."

He drew from his pocket a handsome gold chronometer—the chronometer!—with the J. W. L. in diamonds flashing at the back.

I could have sworn to it anywhere. I was never more completely taken off my guard; my knees knocked together, and my white hair seemed stiffening into wires.

"Where the deuce did you get that?" I shrieked out. "That's mine!"

"Is your name James Walter Lidgey, or Paul Penprase?"

"Penprase; but, for God's sake, tell me how you got that watch. Give it me; it's mine! it's mine!"

I was beside myself; I was showing my hand now; I was jumping head first into the trap. I was an old fool.

"This can't be yours," he said; "this was stolen from me when I lay helpless on the Chocadoc road. It was a watch given to me by one whose life I had saved at sea, and I treasure it very much. When I came back from my last voyage I thought I would find you out and ask if you knew anything about it. I was certain that some one had robbed me, and, though I was sorry, I fancied it must be you."

"Oh! I looked like a thief, I suppose! Go on," I said.

"You had told me you were in the poor-house, and I went to look for you there. You had left. Then I found out the parish doctor, and he gave me your address. I inquired into your case, and he said you were a rum old stick."

"He was a disrespectful hound. But he was always like that."

"He told me that you had been very ill—completely off your head at last, and raved of nothing but your own cleverness, gold watches, milestones, and the beech-tree that was struck by lightning on the Fochenaber road. I put this and that together; I went carefully along the road and found a tree that had been struck by lightning near the third milestone from the town. I guessed that you had buried the property there. I had half an hour's digging with a garden trowel, and found the watch, along with some other things which don't belong to me. I have left a tobacco-pouch and a few things on your mantelpiece at home, Mr. Penprase, if they're any good to you now."

I did not say any more. I did not know what to say. It was a complete checkmate to me, and I was powerless. If I had been a younger man, I should have punched his head, I daresay, or showed a clean pair of heels down the causeway, and out of the town—probably done the latter as less embarrassing.

But I was old; I had been ill; I was very feeble and at his mercy, and he took every advantage of my mental prostration.

It did not strike me that he was one who would make an example of me—only an artful fellow who had got the better of me. Not a stern and rigid individual, or he wouldn't have been able to laugh at everything so much.

And he began laughing again, when I took my handkerchief out to wipe my eyes.

"There, poor old fellow!" he said. "We'll say no more about it."

"I saved your life sir," I said, making no attempt to disguise facts any more.

"Well, perhaps you did. And you took care of my watch too—and would have told me all about it, and where it was hidden, if I had not taken you so much off your guard. Eh, Paul Penprase?"

"Yes, I think I should have told you in time."

"I will try and think so. I hope you will try too—for you are a very old man and——"

"Not so very old, sir. And I've got all my faculties about me still."

"One or two faculties too many," he said, laughing, and I have often wondered what he meant by that, "but you are old."

"I am not a young man certainly."

"Try and see the matter in the right light before you get much older, Penprase," he said; "it won't do you any harm when you come to the flat of your back again, with not too much time to think it over. Good evening."

And away he went without giving me so much as a penny for taking care of all that property which he must have lost if it had not been for me. There's no end of ingratitude in this world. I have seen a lot of it in my time, goodness knows.

[THE END.]

Always Kind.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

THEY were exclusive in Opal. Opal was a little village, I won't say where, but it stood at the foot of a hill, and it doubtless stands there still.

A pretty river meanders in and out among the highways and by-ways, so that you never knew when you have to cross a bridge; and what with big trees, handsome houses, and a Gothic church, it is as pretty a place as can well be imagined.

Perhaps that is the reason why its inhabitants—those whose fathers and grandfathers before them have been Opalites—are so exclusive, and turn the cold shoulder to all strangers not properly introduced—not vouched for by somebody who is somebody.

However, at the date of our story, there dwelt among these exclusive people the high and mighty personages to whom all bowed down. These were the Smiths. The Smiths.

Smith, we all know, is the name by which, when Adam got tired of naming the heads of ancient families, he christened all the rest in a lump.

These particular Smiths were also named John and Mary, which proves that Romeo's inquiry, "What's in a name?" was an apt question, for it made no difference; they were still The Smiths.

The first Smith bought land. There was not only a grandfather, but a great grandfather's father to be talked of as having built just there; and the present Mrs. Smith's relatives were great people; and they were very rich—no one knew how rich.

It was the custom in Opal to wait until Mrs Smith took notice of strangers before taking them up. That set the seal on their position.

When little Mrs. Miller came to Opal because she thought it a pretty place, and built a house there, and brought her two little boys and her old servant with her, she did not know the ways of the place. She was social, and used to being liked for herself. She had been even sought after.

But Opal did not know her "family;" thought her "too dressy for a widow;" too pretty, too.

It was fashionable to be plain of face and costume in Opal. The best families were all like that.

Close watch was kept over the Smiths. They did not call. Therefore no one else called.

But little Mrs. Miller, who was not apt to fancy herself likely to be slighted, laid all the prinness of the manners of the Opalites to the fact that she had not been pleasant enough to them, and having arranged her tiny home to her satisfaction, sent out cards of invitation to a tea to all those whom she had spoken at the church or who were very near her home, so that "pleasant mornings" or "good evenings" had been exchanged.

"Everybody is respectable in these small places," she thought, "and all acquainted, of course."

Mrs. Bright, the minister's wife, was the first to get her cards.

Unfortunately, as she expressed it to Mrs. Miller, her husband was going to marry a couple that afternoon, and as they were friends, she was going to the wedding.

The rest simply looked at their cards contemptuously, and, without hesitation, penned "regrets" without apology.

"Does she expect to step into our society that way without our knowing who she is?" said Mrs. Doubledee Brick, with a sniff. "I shan't send any answer whatever."

"When the Smiths have not called," added her mother-in-law.

And so the postman had a large parcel of small envelopes for Mrs. Miller one morning, and she, for the first time in her life, felt angry.

She had not made a party of it, only an informal affair, with one day's notice, and everything was prepared.

Her new dress, black lace, with a pale pink bow in her black hair, and pale pink roses for her belt, hung on a chair, and, for a while, the little woman was very angry, indeed—mortified, too.

The first dawn of such a feeling was very painful.

Was she cut by these unimportant people of Opal—she, who elsewhere had been a beauty, and had had so many invitations that to know which to accept for a certain night was rather difficult!

However, there were no antecedents of an unpleasant nature in her life—nothing to make her think "they have heard;" and after awhile she laughed over it.

She had never heard of The Smiths.

They lived a distance away, and attended another church outside the village, where their nephew preached.

She had not, to her knowledge, met either of them, for she did not know that the old gentleman who had helped her into her carriage one day at the station, when her horse would not stand still, was The Smith, and she had sent this good couple no cards.

She did not know that not to know them was to be yourself unknown in Opal's best society.

Nor did she guess that Fate had her tea in hand.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon.

One or two of the Opalites had not condescended to reply at all, so though she guessed they were not coming, she had dressed and ordered the tea to be prepared.

"I have a fine appetite, and Charlie and Will can get through with a great deal of cake," she said to the old servant, who understood the situation as well as she did.

And then she wandered out into the garden, and walked among the flowers.

Just as she had reached the western fence, already gilded by the setting sun, she became aware of a cloud of dust along the road, and saw in a moment that two horses were running away with a little vehicle, in which sat an old lady and gentleman, and in a moment more, as they crossed a little bridge, the carriage overset, a wheel came off, and the old lady was thrown over the rail into the water.

The old gentleman fell into the mud, but regained his feet, and rescued the old lady.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Miller had called the man at work among her vegetables, and the horses, released from the conveyance, were standing quite still.

Mrs. Miller herself now ran down to the road, and ushered the two old people into her house, congratulating them upon being alive, and minus broken bones. She led the old lady to her room, provided her with fresh garments and a warm, silk shawl, sent her other garments to the kitchen to dry, and, finally, amidst a multitude of thanks, invited them to take tea with her.

"After such a shock you ought to rest awhile," she said; "and if you will allow me to keep you all night, I shall be so glad. I have plenty of room."

The answer was peculiar.

"It is evident," said the old lady, "that you are of good family. Only such people are capable of offering hospitality in this way. The common run know nothing about it. We can return home quite well, I think; but we appreciate your kindness, and we will drink tea with you with pleasure."

It was a very solemn address.

"Has the Queen of England by any chance come to this country place? Am I entertaining her unawares?" Mrs. Miller asked herself as she repressed her inclination to laugh.

But she felt that, at least, these people were polite, and she took the two cards bearing the inscriptions, "Mr. John Smith," "Mrs. John Smith," which the old people offered her, and returned her own, never guessing that these were The Smiths of Opal, and that her tea would be the talk of the place.

At the appointed time they were summoned.

Old Margaret waited; the two little boys put on their company manners. Mrs. Miller was a good hostess.

In the course of the feast Mrs. Miller became confidential—told of her invitations, and of the general refusal of them, and said to Mrs. Smith, "Do you think they have some terrible idea about me, or have I outraged the customs of Opal by being unceremonious?"

Mrs. Smith knew she had not called, but she only answered, "Country people are often odd, you know."

After this she took pains to discover Mrs. Miller's antecedents, and grew radiant when she learnt that she was a Miss Smith before her marriage; and still Mrs. Miller did not guess at the great social importance of this afternoon tea-drinking.

But the Smiths did. As they drove home together, the old lady remarked, "That is a charming little lady. I will arrange things for her."

And passing Mrs. Doubledee Brick on the road, she called to her, "Such a charming afternoon at Mrs. Miller's! Sorry you were not there. A distant relation of our own."

The news soon spread over the place. The Smiths had been to Mrs. Miller's tea. She was related to them.

Mrs. Doubledee Brick rejoiced that she had sent no reply, and wrote at once to say that "the note had missed her."

Oh, Mrs. Opie! Did she ever read your "White Lies," I wonder?

Mrs. Miller was good-humored, but she was also bright. She soon understood the situation, and it took a great deal of courting to win her into Opal society. When once there, she became an authority on all fashionable questions, and after the Smiths, her notice is the notice requisite to introduce new people. Remembering her own experience, she is always very kind.

Scientific and Useful.

MULBERRY SILK.—The fibre derived from the inner bark of the young mulberry shoots is said to yield a fabric much finer and stronger than cotton, and which, when woven, very much resembles silk.

FISHING DOGS.—An Arkansaw planter is said to have succeeded, after thirty years of experimenting, in raising a breed of dogs that will dive after fish and bring them ashore. The animals, which are represented to totally ignore fish diet, differ slightly from the average dog in appearance, having little hair on their bodies and walking with a waddling motion.

GOOD RAZOR PASTE.—Levigated oxide of tin (prepared putty-powder) one ounce, powdered oxalic acid quarter of an ounce, powdered gum twenty grains; make into a stiff paste with water, and evenly and thinly spread over the strop. With very little friction this paste gives a fine edge to the razor, and its efficiency is still further increased by moistening it.

PAPER GLASS.—Paper window glass is described as follows: "A window pane is made of white paper manufactured from cotton or linen, and modified by chemical action. Afterward the paper is dipped in a preparation of camphor and alcohol, which makes it like parchment. From this point it can be moulded and cut into remarkably tough sheets, entirely transparent, and it can be dyed with almost the whole of the aniline colors, the result being a tranparent sheet, showing far more vivid hues than the best glass exhibits.

WHITEWASH AND WEATHER.—Slake half a bushel of lime, strain, and add a peck of salt dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice put in boiling water and boiled to a thin paste, half a pound of Spanish powdered whiting, and a pound of clear glue dissolved in warm water. Mix these well together, and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash thus prepared in a kettle or portable furnace, and, when using, put it on as hot as possible with either painters' or whitewash brushes. Color to suit by adding sparingly of a dry pigment. This wash will stand all kinds of weather.

Farm and Garden.

PLANT BUGS.—Equal parts of coal-tar and clay mixed with water until it is like cream, and applied with a brush, is recommended as certain death to mealy bugs, and is not injurious to plants. The plants may be syringed with pure water next day.

THE HERD.—A cross cow in a herd keeps all the others in perpetual fear, and in that manner lessens the milk from the others in quantity more than may be sufficient to balance that given by the cross one. A cross or domineering cow should be got rid of.

STRAW.—An English expert warns farmers against the practice of taking straw from the land as it tends to impoverish the soil. Not only are potash, lime, phosphoric acid, etc., taken away, but also a considerable amount of organic matter, whereby the moisture is too much reduced.

SALT.—The proper way to give salt is to season the food. When thrown into the trough and licked up by the animals salt sometimes causes them to drink frequently, which is not beneficial in cold weather unless the water be somewhat warm. Salt is necessary for all classes of stock, but it is more beneficial when given in the food.

PORK AND CHICKEN.—The cost of a pound of pork is about six cents, while a pound of chicken costs about eight cents; but the prices obtained for the chicken are so much greater that the profit is nearly twice as much as that on pork, which may be put down to the fact that the chicken is also a producer of eggs as well as of flesh.

HEN FOOD.—Raw meat chopped fine and fed once a day will produce more eggs than any other food that can be given them. One pound of rough meat to fifteen hens is sufficient. The meat should be lean, and, if preferred, may be cooked, but it gives better results when given raw. It is not expensive when the increased number of eggs is considered.

THE BULL.—An exchange advocates putting bulls to work about the farm, saying that it would prevent their getting fractious. Possibly we may live to see the day when the spirit of utility shall be so much abroad in the land that the Jersey and Holstein bull calf will be dehorned and made to do double duty at the head of the herd and before the cart and plow with no fears.

MICE AND TREES.—The bark of the apple tree has a sweetish taste which is very attractive to mice in winter. They are, however, very timid, and will not eat unless protected by weeds, rubbish or snow-banks around the tree, and all danger is avoided by earthing round the trunk as high as the probable snow line. If snow comes before this is done pack snow around the tree, looking at it occasionally to see that the snow does not melt around the trunk, leaving a depression in which the mice can work.

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Present and to Come.

Men who study this world only, and value themselves on a subordinate wisdom which deserves only the name of cunning, are apt to conclude that religion, and all its salutary restraints, are derived from the policy of civil power erecting its fabric on the basis of the people's fear or superstition.

While this idea prevails, and great ingenuity of late in the name of advanced science has been exerted to disseminate it, every attempt to recommend the doctrines of religion in general, or of Christianity in particular, becomes ineffectual. It, 'considered either as a crafty co-operation with power, or as the foolish enterprise of a zealot's infatuation.

But it is evident from the deductions of reason, and the native feelings of the heart, that religion owes its origin to causes far more respectable than either policy or folly.

To enter the lists with the Atheists and modern Scientists would be to engage in more than folly. Because, after all the attempts of libertines and others to attribute religion to policy, it has been justly doubted whether a real Atheist ever existed.

If any other proof is necessary than the visible works of the creation, everything we see and feel around, let each consider what he has himself felt, and what he has observed others feel, under the pressure of affliction, in the hour of sickness and at the supposed approach of dissolution. In opposition to all that wit, or malice, or misapplied ingenuity have advanced, in those circumstances he has found in himself, and observed in others, an irresistible impulse to seek comfort and assistence from the Supreme Being in whose hands are the issues of life.

Could this feeling arise from priestcraft, worldly policy, or mere folly and infirmity? Was there not something which told, in language awfully convincing, Verily there is a God?

And if that sentiment is founded on truth on a deathbed, since truth is immutable, is it not founded in truth throughout the whole of our existence, in the day of youth, health, and prosperity; and is it not wisdom to be influenced by it before the evil day arrives, when there is danger lest it should be too late for piety to atone for past omissions and the long continued errors of pride and presumption.

Death has been called the great Teacher. Few approach him without learning the most important truths. Wits, skeptics, minute philosophers, bow at last to this sovereign instructor, and acknowledge the vanity of their own imaginations when weighed in the balance with the lessons of Death.

Let the scoffer at religion then, the skeptic, the would-be scientist and the professed libertine, permit the ideas concerning the truth of religion which arise in extreme sickness, the loss of those we love, the apprehension of immediate death, or any other alarming situation, to influence his principles and practices through life.

They will then be far from employing their abilities in the malignant office of depriving others of that religion which affords solid comfort under every circumstance, but will rather most cheerfully and gratefully seek their own happiness in faith and piety.

On the same subject it may be said that among the many groundless causes assigned for the prevalence of religion in the world, one of the commonest is the prejudice of education and the influence of example.

The pretended philosophers and evolutionists are fond of asserting that man is rendered, by the restraints of education, an animal totally different from that which he was originally formed by nature. They allow no argument to be drawn in favor of religion from the universality of religious sentiments, because, they argue, that this universality arises from the crafty or foolish suggestions of parents, who teach the doctrines of religion as the most effectual means of enforcing and securing filial obedience.

But does a tendency to religion appear in those only who have been religiously educated? The most neglected sons and daughters of Adam, those who, like the wild colt, are left to themselves in their infancy, are found to be as strongly impressed with an idea of a God as the most cultivated disciples of the most refined philosophy. They cannot give a rational account of any system; but they fear God, and depend upon his support in their afflictions.

Whoever is conversant with the relations of voyagers and travelers must know that the principal employment of many savage nations is the due observance of religious ceremonies, and that all, with not a single exception fully ascertained, are convinced of the existence of a God, and of his actual though invisible government. But in savage nations there appears to be no education, and there is not, it may be concluded, political cunning or wisdom enough to have rendered religion a fashion, with a design to diffuse it by example and facilitate civil obedience.

The truth is, religious sentiments rise in the heart of man, unspoiled by vice and uncorrupted by sophistry, no less naturally than sentiments of love or any other affection.

All that education effects in the countries of Christianity is to direct the natural tendencies to religion to that revelation of the divine will which constitutes Christianity. Early education, or subsequent instruction, is certainly necessary to teach this, for a man is not born a Christian; but the knowledge of any science taught in infancy might as well be called the prejudice of education as the knowledge of Christianity.

It is very easy, but at the same time infinitely removed from all that is Christian, to upbraid the sinner in place of rebuking the sin. Whereas the rebuke should never part from our lips which has not the double object of love for the offender and hatred of the offence. The brotherly correction, which alone can be expected to work its way to the heart, must bear upon itself the evident marks of having been dictated by genuine affection. If reproving do at all degenerate into reviling, we may look to have it despised as springing from carnal contentiousness, rather than received as prompted by affectionate solicitude.

Wait till you come to the real treasures, to the sins which you cannot give up, before you begin to talk about repentance. Hardness is the test; pain, affliction of soul. "If thine hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee; . . . if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee." Yet some, instead of cutting off the hand, think they are doing wonders in casting away an old glove; and others, instead of plucking out the eye, will bathe it in warm water, and deem that enough.

The great duty of life is not to give pain; and the most acute reasoner cannot find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow-creature. Even for their own sakes people should show kindness and regard to their dependants. They are often better served in trifles, in proportion as they are rather feared than loved; but how small is this gain compared with the loss sustained in all the weightier affairs of life? Then the faithful servant shows himself at once as a friend, while one who serves from fear shows himself as an enemy.

It is often difficult to gauge our advance in holiness. To do so we must employ a measure of sufficient capacity. If we confine our attention to a few days or weeks, it is likely we shall be disappointed, being unable to perceive any advance. We must rather take in months and years. You shall stand by the seashore and be unable at first to discover whether the tide ebbs or flows. It is only after diligent watching for an appreciable period that you decide that the sea is slowly but certainly advancing.

In all talk about persons, it is their merits that we should hasten to disclose, their good deeds that we should gladly untold. In all discussion on character, the good should come into prominence. In all our uttered hopes for the future, our highest ideals should receive the emphasis. Truth, not error; light, not darkness; love, not hate, should be our themes. So may we increase and perpetuate all that is good by frank utterance, while evil will decrease and disappear under the thick drapery of silence.

I call that mind free which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers, which calls no man master, which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven; which, whilst consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instructions from abroad not to supercede, but to quicken and exalt its own energies.

Man's sense of ignorance is one of the greatest of his gifts, for it is the secret of his wish to know. The whole structure and the whole furniture of his mind are adapted to this condition. The highest law of his being is to advance in wisdom and knowledge, and his sense of the presence and the power of things which he can only partially understand is an abiding witness of this law and an abiding incentive to its fulfilment.

Every one who values his or her happiness and peace of mind in this world would do well to cultivate patience. Without it man is like a ship minus a rudder, at the mercy of his impulses, which, if he obeys, may lead him into all sorts of difficulties and disasters that may even take a lifetime to undo.

People worry themselves ill; they worry themselves insane; they worry themselves to death. Ambition is a good thing; energy is a good thing; industry is a good thing. But restlessness, fretfulness and worry—these tend directly to insanity and death.

Ostentation is the signal flag of hypocrisy. The charlatan is verbose and assumptive; the Pharisee is ostentatious because he is a hypocrite. Pride is the master sin of the Devil, and the Devil is the father of lies.

What is the education of the generality of the world? Reading a parcel of books? No. Restraint, discipline, emulation, examples of virtue and justice.

"The greatest thing for a man to know," said Alexander the Great, "is that with which he is least acquainted—himself in person."

The debtor seldom attaches the same importance that the creditor does to the prompt payment of small debts.

Cunning is a weak imitation of wisdom, and is liable at any time to merge into fraud.

The reproaches of enemies should quicken us to duty, and not keep us from duty.

The World's Happenings.

Statisticians figure it out that there are 30,000 thieves in London.

Monkeytown is the name of a new postoffice in Yazoo county, Miss.

Sixteen divorces were recently granted in Houston, Texas, in one day.

Cooking is now taught pupils of the Washington, D. C., High School.

In Mexico they have special funeral cars over the horse-car routes to the cemeteries.

A judicial convention in Binghampton, N. Y., balloted 700 times without making a nomination.

The latest thing in charities in New York is a bureau for furnishing "free legal advice to the poor."

An Iowa girl fainted away three times in succession on being voted the handsomest lady in the county.

A woman who has been nominated for School Commissioner in Wayne county, N. Y., will stump the district.

The $800 fan of the Queen of Italy does not raise any more wind than a palm leaf article "two for 5 cents."

Photograph albums of enormous size are now seen which are mounted on tripods, or have their own special pedestal.

A New York man receives letters written on full mourning paper from a young woman whose parents have been divorced.

Any kind of a bath, or any other process that will produce general perspiration, and thus bring about a reaction, will cure a cold.

"Sand-paper" is now made without sand or paper. Glass is pulverized and sifted on muslin which has been covered with a coating of glue.

It is said that the slate pencil factory at Castleton, Vt., is the only one in the United States. It employs 25 men and turns out 30,000 pencils daily.

Among the relics of her lost royalty preserved by Empress Eugenie is an umbrella which cost $1,000, the handle of which is set with splendid jewels.

A woman has been awarded the contract for cleaning the streets of Buffalo. With wet tea leaves, a new broom and a dust-pan she will astonish the natives.

An invalid, residing in West Rutland, Vt., was greatly encouraged recently by the arrival of a sister and 11 children, who came on ostensibly to assist her in her infirmities.

According to the correspondents the Princess of Wales rides whichever side of the horse that happens to suit her, and claims that she finds relief in the alteration of position.

An Orange, N. J., shoemaker found diamonds valued at $2,000 in a pair of shoes sent him for repairs. The stones had been put in the shoes for safety by the owner and then forgotten.

A man who had been hired to sow some clover seed at Edmore, Mich., went through the motions, but kept the seed in the bag, and then carried it home and sowed it upon his own land.

The Queen-grandmother of Spain is enthusiastic over Turkish baths, and claims that her youth is returning through being vigorously rubbed from top to toe every day with eau-de-cologne.

An editor in Mississippi, who was recently knocked senseless in his office by a brick thrown through the window, has offered a year's subscription to his paper for the arrest of the scoundrel.

A San Francisco man who refused to pay a bill of $238.50 for 22 hours' work put on his teeth, was sued by the dentist for the amount. The court cut the charges down to $70, which the defendant willingly paid.

An intelligent horse is spoken of as being at Lynn, Mass. It was minus a shoe when stabled for the night, but next morning walked off of its own will to the blacksmith, and was waiting its turn to be shod when found by the owner.

"Kid-glove" oranges are grown in Florida, commonly so called because, when peeled, they are so dry that one can eat them while wearing kid gloves without damaging the latter in the least. The oranges are small and aromatic in flavor.

It has been the practice among the parents of colored children of New York to insure the lives of their children in favor of the mother; in a colored colony of 40 families in East 119th street 30 mothers held policies on their children's lives. The policies range from $100 to $500.

An Ohio schoolteacher, who reprimanded an untruthful pupil by washing her mouth with soap and water, and was sued by the girl's parents on the charge of assault and battery, has just been honorably discharged by the court, which ruled that the punishment was not criminal in the eyes of the law.

A new and picturesque branch of business has been established at Calera, Ala. An enterprising colored gentleman of that place gets bitten by a rattlesnake "on purpose" at 50 cents a bite. This done, he promptly proceeds to render the bite harmless by an external application of a clay poultice and an internal big drink of whisky accentuated with plug tobacco.

Freeman Good, a Detroit negro, was caught butting down John Hall's woodshed. Hall tried to stop him by hitting him on the head with an ax. When he had demolished the woodshed, Good had Hall arrested. The judge discharged the man who used the ax, at the same time delivering the opinion that Good's head was the more dangerous weapon of the two. Good has now challenged the world to a butting match for the championship.

In Kentucky, a few days since, a young woman died, and when her father sought to secure burial for her no undertaker in the county would give his services, although payment was tendered in advance. The reason of the refusal was that the husband of the dead woman, who had been married but three months, had not paid a debt of $73 incurred in the burial of a previous wife, and the Undertakers' Protective Association said that the bill must be paid before any of its members would take charge of the remains.

MY GALLANT STEED, ADIEU!

BY W. W. LONG.

The wild, fierce fight is over,
The battle is lost and won;
Fast flows the crimson tide of life
Beneath the setting sun.

I'll never more to the bugle charge,
Oh, noble steed, with you;
The ball that found your gallant life,
Hath found your master's, too.

Together we rode to the battle,
When shot and shell swept by;
Together slept when the march was o'er,
And together shall we die.

Thro' sun and shade, thro' heat and cold,
All hardships we have shared—
Where the brave and true went down to death,
We in their danger dared.

My feeble arms are 'round your neck,
My head is on your breast;
The last fierce fight is over,
And we shall soon have rest.

And now, my gallant steed, and now,
Once more I bid to you,
As aye for aye we sink to rest,
One last, long, fond adieu.

Twice Tried.

BY HELEN WALLACE.

WANTED a cook—wanted a cook—wanted a cook. Why am I not a cook? My future would be secured at once. All the world seems crying out for cooks, and nobody needs a poor nondescript like me, though I am willing—oh! how willing—to work with my head or my hands at anything. If no one wants a secretary, or a companion, or a genteel slavey, then I will be a real slavey, turn housemaid, or nurse, or shop-girl. I must get something to do, and I must get out of this."

"This," to outward appearance, was a comfortable enough, though rather formal and old-fashioned, drawing-room; not old-fashioned in a dainty, prim way, which has an old-world charm all its own, but merely sufficiently out of date for everything to look heavy and tasteless, and to make one wonder helplessly, how, not so many years ago, those straddling, bow-legged chairs and tables and that hard hideous shade of green could ever have been thought the height of taste and fashion.

In the low bay-window sat Mary Hamilton, leaning her forehead on the glass, her eyes, wearied with fruitless poring over the newspaper that had slipped from her hands, now resting on the spring freshness without. It was an every-day scene enough, a sweep of lawn, a lime-tree shaking out its silken leaves, a slow moving stream, and beyond it field and hedge and woodland, with the wavy outline of a range of low hills in the dim pearly distance.

But over it all was the glory of spring, that first vivid green so keen and bright after the neutral tints of winter, that it seems like some sharp sudden chord struck in a low-toned minor symphony. Against the big clear panes and the spring sunshine without the girl's figure in the heavy black dress stood out in almost harsh contrast.

Heroines, as a rule, are fortunate enough to possess a "snowy fairness," or a "lily-like pallor," which is only enhanced by the dead blackness of crape, that most ugly and troublesome material which custom has declared to be the sign of woe and the gauge of our grief; and perhaps, after all, it may be salutary for the sore heart to be roused from its brooding by the reminder that "crape is soon spoiled by rain."

Mary was pale enough certainly, but it was the paleness of more than ordinary mortals to whom sudden crushing sorrow and bewildering change had come all unlooked for. For the rest, she was slight in figure, and, to a first hasty glance, unremarkable in face.

"Not much to look at," was the usual verdict; but look again, and you will note the goodness and candor of those hazel eyes, with their dark lashes and delicately curved brows, the breadth of the forehead round which the brown hair lies so softly, and you will learn to watch for the shy smile of those sensitive lips, when the serious eyes light up too, and gleam with humor, or shine with quiet pleasure. But to-day the eyes are heavy with unshed tears, and the drooping lines of the mouth show only despondency and weariness.

Her experience had been a common one enough, though none the less bitter for that. Till a few weeks ago her life had been the smoothest, the least eventful possible. Her father, a solitary studious man, had always seemed to have money enough for every want, even for the expensive luxury of collecting rare and costly books to aid him in an elaborate edition of the "Early Poets," which he was going to publish some day.

Mary was his constant companion and helper in all his work, though sometimes she chafed a little at the endless preparations for so little performance; at least it kept him happily employed as year slipped away after year. Change of any kind seemed far enough away that early spring day, when Mary writing to her father's dictation had paused, pen in hand, for a moment or two, and, wondering at the silence, had turned round and looked upon what she had never seen in her life before—Death. Her heart seemed to stand still, a horror of great darkness passed over her.

She thought it was death too, and she was sometimes ready to wish that it had been in the dreary days that followed.

Mr. Hamilton's income ceased with himself, but besides that, debts had accumulated, that the sale of house and furniture and books, even though the latter should fetch the modern fancy prices, would scarcely suffice to meet. One thing was clear, there would be nothing left for Mary, she must find something to do; but the weeks were passing, and that something seemed as far off as ever.

For teaching, once the universal resort of penniless young ladies, she had been too irregularly educated, and, even though she had been much better fitted for it, what chance had she against the swarm of brand-new certificated teachers from every board school, with a little of everything in heaven or earth at their fingers' ends? She would have been an invaluable secretary or helper in any literary work—but how few people want such aid!

So for days past she had been scanning the newspapers, advertising and answering advertisements in vain, no one seemed to need an amanuensis or a companion. Mrs. Warner, the vicar's wife, had taken the girl to the Vicarage when the dismal task of dismantling her old home had begun; but who does not feel the difference between duty kindness and the genuine article? A dozen times a day Mary would protest to herself that Mrs. Warner was kinder to her than she deserved, but, with an odd flicker of amusement, she felt that she was ticketed off in the good lady's mind as "a case" for help, along with Nancy Jones who wanted a sowing machine, or cripple Joe who must be got into some Home. The endless fuss and worry, and minute supervision of every other body's affairs, which was the very breadth of Mrs. Warner's nostrils, wearied Mary to death. Probably she might be infinitely worse off in any situation she did get, but at least she would be working for herself. With an impatient sigh she turned from the green dancing leaves as the door noisily opened and Mrs. Warner came in. She was a brisk little woman, every inch of her alive from the soles of her stout walking boots to the topmost bow of her bonnet. She wore her crisp black hair in odd bunches of curls on each side of her alert little face, which had it been a new fashion she would have regarded as a vanity and sternly denounced. Woe be to the girl in Dutton parish who would venture to sport a "fringe" before Mrs. Warner's outraged eyes, but the side curls had been the fashion in her girlhood, and therefore sacred.

"Still poring over that paper, Mary? I hoped you would remember how far behind the Dorcas work is," with a glance at the basket; "but never mind, I have some news for you at last. What do you think of that?" giving Mary a newspaper-cutting.

It was an advertisement for a companion for a lady of invalid habits, who required constant care and watching. Mary read it in silence, and then said with a little hesitation—

"It seems suitable enough—only—it is a middle-aged person who is wanted."

"Well," said Mrs. Warner, "you are not so very young, Mary: although you look such a girl, you are nine-and-twenty, aren't you? That is not so far off thirty, and thirty is middle-aged, I am sure."

"I suppose it is," said Mary, laughing, though rather ruefully. The most severely sensible among us do not like our youth to be so abruptly pronounced over and done with.

"Now read that," said Mrs. Warner, with an air of triumph. "I answered that advertisement myself, because I thought you must mismanage your replies, since nothing has ever come of them, and I have just got that letter in return. I said nothing about it, you see, till I had something definite to show you."

"You are very kind," said Mary, in a choked voice, taking the letter and trying hard to conceal her vexation from the sharp black eyes fixed on her face. It was a short note, expressing satisfaction with Mrs. Warner's recommendations of Miss Hamilton, and requesting the latter to call as soon as possible at an address in one of the suburbs of London.

"It is a most providential opening," exclaimed Mrs. Warner. "There's nothing to hinder you going to-morrow. Now for the time-table. I'll look up the trains, while you write a note."

And next day, accordingly, Mary was ringing the bell, with a beating heart, at Wanstead House. She had plenty of time to study it and its surroundings before the door was opened. It had evidently been an old country-house before the tide of brick and mortar had hemmed it in, and its large garden with its high walls and great rusty gates still said, "Thus far thou come and no farther," to the flood of building. It was a solidly built, rather gloomy-looking house, the door sheltered by a heavy-pillared porch ("convenient for visitors thought Mary, "if they are all kept so long waiting as I am"), and approached by a great flight of broad steps, while above it and on each side were long rows of narrow windows with small, old-fashioned panes of glass in clumsy wooden sashes. The weather had changed since the day before, a chilly wind was tossing the tender leaves against a grey, cloudy sky, not all the new life of spring could make the weedy, neglected garden look cheerful. A mouldy statue in the centre seemed to be shivering in the cold, and looking round regretfully for its lost drapery.

"I seem to have come to some moated grange minus the moat only," said Mary as, her patience giving way, she gave a final tug to the bell. In a few moments leisurely steps were heard approaching, and the door was opened by a maid, an odd mixture of smartness and tawdriness, who inquired with an air of ineffable condescension, "Are you Miss Hamilton? The master wishes to see you first," and led Mary through a small round hall, along a passage shut off by a baize-covered door into a large, light room, where, amid a confusion of books and papers, a gentleman was writing busily. He looked up as Mary entered, and gazed at her with such astonishment that to her vexation she felt herself flushing scarlet. Was there anything strange about her appearance that could make him stare so?

"Pray be seated," said Mr. Karr, rising hastily and sweeping a heap of papers off the nearest chair. "Are you Miss Hamilton, the lady of whom a Mrs. Warner wrote me?"

"Yes," said Mary.

"You are sure there is no mistake?"

"No," said Mary, wondering more and more.

"You must excuse my surprise then, but, to tell the truth, I did not expect a young lady; from Mrs. Warner's letter, I thought I should see a staid, elderly person. I am sure she described you as a middle-aged lady. I think her letter is somewhere about," smiling in spite of himself, as he turned over a waste of papers.

"Oh!" cried Mary, clasping her hands impetuously, "I am really not nearly so young as I look. I don't know what Mrs. Warner may have said, but indeed, I am nearly thirty, and I am sure that is old enough. Do let me try."

Any one unlike the typical woman of thirty than Mary at that moment could not have been conceived: the rose-flush on the little pale face, the sensitive lips quivering, the hazel eyes shining with excitement, the child-like eagerness of her appeal.

Mr. Karr grew suddenly grave. He glanced at Mary's black dress, and then said—

"Pardon me asking such a question, Miss Hamilton, but is it of importance to you to get some situation, any situation?"

"Oh yes. I must get something. I would do anything. I cannot live any longer dependent on friends. I am all alone in the world, and I must work for myself."

Mr. Karr rose and walked once or twice up and down the long room. He was a tall man, but slightly made, and he stooped a little, like one who sat too long over his desk. Mary had thought his face pleasant when he smiled, but when at rest it looked worn and haggard, while the high forehead, from which the chestnut hair was wearing away a little, was contracted with what seemed an habitual frown of anxiety. The bright brown eyes were almost too vivid and eager.

His whole appearance was that of a man of a nervous, highly strung temperament, strained to the utmost by overwork or by some pressing care. During the brief pause, Mary glanced round, involuntarily wishing that she could put things in order a little.

In spite of disorder, it was a real workroom, there was no playing at literature carried on there.

Her heart went out to the overflowing bookshelves—what a feast was there, after the starvation at the Vicarage, with its blue and red manuals of duty!

Suddenly Mr. Karr stopped in front of her: his face seemed to have hardened since he had last spoken.

"Miss Hamilton," he said, in a kind of a suppressed voice, "unless it be a matter of necessity, I would advise you not to accept the position I can offer you. It is not a pleasant one. You would wonder perhaps why I wished to see you first, but it is a duty to let you know what you are undertaking. Mrs. Karr has a passion for opiates, laudanum, chloral, brandy, anything that will excite or drug her for a while. She needs incessant watching, lest she should poison herself outright. Now, are you willing to take up such a task?"

He spoke rapidly, as if forcing the bitter words out against his will. For a moment Mary was silent, the revelation was so painful and so unexpected. She wished she could say a word of sympathy, but what right had she to do it, even if that cold, set face had not seemed to defy it?

"If you will let me try, I shall do my very best," she said at last, gently.

"Thank you, I am sure you will—I am sure you will do—my wife—good. Will you see her now? I am very busy," the harassed look returning as he glanced at the desk and scattered papers, "but if you need any help or advice come to me;" so saying he led her back to the round hall, where the maid was waiting. Feeling as if in a dream, Mary followed the girl up the wide staircase into a room into which the light filtered through closely drawn blinds and pink curtains.

A great fire was burning, which made it oppressively hot, while the air was sickly with some heavy perfume.

The furniture was the queerest jumble of different styles, the walls were crowded with fans and plaques and bracelets, while cabinets and the innumerable little tables were loaded with china and expensive trifles.

"Is that Miss Hamilton at last?" said a peevish voice from a sofa drawn up before the fire. "What an age you have been closeted with Mr. Karr! Of course he has set you against me already. Oh, don't deny it; I know very well what he would tell you. I never can have a friend; they are all poisoned against me before I see them. But please shut the door, I can't bear that dreadful light, and come over here where I can see you."

Mary obeyed, and threaded her way carefully to the sofa. Mrs. Karr sat among her cushions, and held out a limp hand. So far as could be seen in the dim light, she was a little dark woman, her restless eyes were sunk in deep hollows, while her skin had an unnatural yellowish hue. She wore some kind of dressing-gown, trimmed with rich lace, but all tumbled and soiled.

"Why," she exclaimed, after a prolonged stare, "you are quite young. That is a pleasant change to begin with. I expected to see another old dragon like Miss King. Ah, Miss Hamilton, you don't know what a life I lead. Mr. Karr is never ill; he hasn't a particle of sympathy with sufferings like mine. He would try to get you over to his side, but you mustn't believe all he says."

"Papa never says what is not true," said a clear childish voice. Mary started from her chair in surprise.

"Oh, it's only Lelia. You need not mind what she says; she is her father's own child, always against her mother."

"No, mamma," said the child, coming out from behind a curtain, where she had been curled up with a book, and speaking with the same odd gravity and distinctness, "it is not fair to say that. I love you very much, but please, please don't say such things about papa to a stranger. I can't bear it, indeed I can't bear it!" She broke off with a sudden sob, and the tears welled out of her eyes.

"Now, Lelia, you naughty, tiresome child, you know I cannot endure to see you cry. Go away at once, unless you are going to be good."

"I will be good, quite good," said the child, you know, gulping down the sob that would come, and going back to her corner, while Mary, feeling that she was getting beyond being surprised, sat and listened while Mrs. Karr prattled on and on of her former beauty and triumphs, of

Mr. Karr's passionate devotion to her, and darkly hinted that it was from jealousy he kept her shut up in this dull house, and set spies to watch her. When Mary escaped at last, wondering a little dismally in spite of her resolve, how she was to stand this for days and weeks, she found Lelia waiting for her in the passage.

She seemed between eight and nine years old, but her serious, unchildlike air might make her look older than she really was. Seeing her now in a clear light, Mary was startled by her resemblance to her father. She came close up and, looking in Mary's face, said:—

"You are coming to live here, are you not?"

"Yes," said Mary, smiling down on her; "I hope we shall be great friends soon, Lelia."

"I think we shall," said the child. "I like to look at you." Then, in a pleading whisper, "But you won't believe everything that mamma says about papa? She does not really mean it, you know. She is often very ill, and does not quite know what she says. And, oh, Miss Hamilton, will you try and keep her from being ill? It does so vex papa. I wouldn't tell any one but you, but you look kind and good. Do you know that long ago, when I was quite young, that once, when mamma was ill, I saw papa cry," the big brown eyes dilating at the recollection. "But now," she added, "I don't think he cares so much; I think he has got used to it."

Mary stooped and kissed her hurriedly; she felt heart-sick at this unsuspected tragedy into which she had so suddenly been brought.

Her life was soon busy enough. Mrs. Karr took a violent fancy to her, and would scarcely allow her out of sight, greatly rousing the wrath of her maid thereby, who felt herself supplanted. Mrs. Karr was highly flattered. "Poor Parker," she would say, "she is so devoted to me, she is quite jealous of you, Mary. Poor Mary who had no wish to make an enemy, would have been very thankful to have shared with Parker the long empty hours in the heated darkened room. Gradually the whole charge of the extravagant disorderly household fell into her hands, and she soon ceased to wonder at Mr. Karr's harassed looks and ceaseless work, nor at the character of much of his writing, which, though always clever and often brilliant, bore the unmistakable stamp of over-haste. She began to teach Lelia too, as well as she could, and the child clung to her in a way which she feared might annoy her mother, but fortunately Mrs. Karr seemed quite indifferent.

When the glowing summer days came on, Mary actually succeeded in tempting Mrs. Karr out into the garden, where afternoon tea was instituted on the big grass-plot, where the statue presided. Sometimes, but very rarely, Mr. Karr would join them, and then Lelia was in her glory, waiting upon him, hanging over his chair, pressing him to take this or that.

Mary found herself looking forward to his coming as much as Lelia did, it was like a breath of fresh bracing air to hear his talk of men and books, and the outside world, amid Mrs. Karr's endless vapid babble of herself,-or trivial gossip got second-hand from her maid.

One breathless July afternoon they were all sitting under the trees. The sky was a hot, hazy blue, the great elms with their heavy summer green shut out the surrounding houses; the quiet garden might have been miles away from the great city, whose noise was hushed to a faint far-off hum. Lelia sat on the grass leaning against Mary's knee, her bright hair contrasting with the black gown. Mary had been reading aloud to her, and paused when Mr. Karr joined them, but he would not let her stop, and sat listening to the musical flow of her voice, the weary look passing from his face.

To an outsider it would have seemed a perfect family group under the flickering shade: the tall, intellectual-looking man, the fair child, Mary's dark slender figure and gentle grace. Mrs. Karr was peacefully dozing. How little sign, on the tranquil surface, of the deep waters beneath! The story came to an end, and Mary laid down her book: it was one of Hans Andersen's, in whose undertone of pathos Lelia delighted.

"Why did you stop, Miss Hamilton?—you have broken the spell," said Mr. Karr. "Conscience seizes the opportunity to remind me, as Messrs. Rayner and Son will do more emphatically by-and-by, that I have promised them a review of Long's book, and not a line of it is written yet, nor the book read, for that matter. I ought to be hunting up my dates and verifying his authorities, instead of loafing here."

"You are always working. I am sure you will write all the better for taking a rest—won't he, Miss Hamilton?" said Lelia, who had gone behind her father's chair, softly stroking the thinning hair.

"Spoken like a young Solomon, Lelia; but how is a man to rest when the devils are always after him? Don't be alarmed, Miss Hamilton, I refer simply to the printers' satellites."

"I wonder," said Mary, shyly, "if I could be of any use to you? I have been accustomed to such work all my life. I often wrote for hours to my—to my father's dictation." Her voice faltered and broke, as these years of fruitless work rose up before her.

"It would be the greatest help to me," said Mr. Karr, heartily. "I have often wished for some one to do the scrubbing, and leave me free to think a little. I am afraid you have more than enough to do already, but if Mrs. Karr could spare you, I would like to have your assistance."

So began the happiest time of Mary's life. Mrs. Karr, rather to Mary's surprise, made no objection; and very soon she spent several hours almost every day in the writing-room. Generally it was pretty incessant work, for Mr. Karr, unsparing to himself, was rather a hard task-master when he became absorbed in his subject; but often there were long talks, when she astonished him by the acuteness of her criticisms, and her detection of "scamped" work, till he declared, half laughing, half in earnest, that she would make him too conscientious, and that he was beginning to fear her more than all the reviews.

On her side, Mary lived over these hours again in memory, when for a whole evening she would sit bathing Mrs. Karr's head for a fancied headache, or reading till she was hoarse some silly tawdry story. She fancied it was the mental activity, the pleasure of being really useful, that made those hours so delightful, and, in spite of many a long dreary day, she was happier than a few months ago she had ever dreamed of being again, but for one ever-haunting anxiety. In spite of her utmost care, every now and then Mrs. Karr would be "ill" again, as poor little Lelia called it, and then the cloud which had been lifted off the household for a time settled down again. At such times Mary felt utterly humiliated; she had failed in her trust, and she could not bear to see Lelia's swollen eyelids or the deepened lines on Mr. Karr's face; but since the first day they had met he had never referred to the matter again; indeed, he never voluntarily mentioned his wife's name. Mary was convinced that it was Parker who supplied her mistress with the drugs with which she alternately maddened and stupefied herself, but she could not definately trace it to her.

One thing was clear, that Mrs. Karr was completely under the sway of her maid, and this became more and more apparent as her first fancy for Mary gradually cooled. Mary was fain to comfort herself as best she could with Lelia's whispered assurances that they had never had such a happy summer, and that mamma had been far, far better than she ever remembered her to have been before.

The summer was over and gone—August with its stifling heat, September with its yellowing leaves, which now in the shortening October days were dropping fast to the ground. Mary felt languid and dispirited, she maintained herself that it was only the dull autumn weather, the falling leaves, the chill damp decay all around; but she was anxious and uneasy.

Mr. Karr's manner was growing daily colder to her, any influence she had once had was becoming less and less, while Parker was openly insolent and defiant. One evening she was reading aloud as usual to Mrs. Karr, who interrupted her every now and then by some fretful complaint, telling her not to shout, or not to mumble, or asking if there was no alternative between drawling and reading too fast.

Mary was almost in despair, when a message came from Mr. Karr asking if Mrs. Karr could spare Miss Hamilton for a little. He had not asked her help for some time, and Mary was almost frightened at the pleasure the summons brought her. But who would not be glad to exchange peevish chiding for real service?

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. Karr, crossly. "I wonder Mr. Karr troubles to keep up that ceremony. His will is law, and my wishes are of no consequence. Go, Miss Hamilton, don't keep Mr. Karr waiting. Send Parker to me; she knows her duty at least."

"Do let me stay," pleaded Mary; but Mrs. Karr would not listen, and at last she had to go, feeling seriously unhappy. The study seemed a haven of refuge for the moment. Mr. Karr was walking up and down, and only acknowledged her presence by a smile of relief and pleasure as she slipped into her usual chair and took up her pen. In a little while her anxiety was forgotten, she was as absorbed as he. How long she wrote she did not know, till Mr. Karr suddenly looked at his watch and uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Miss Hamilton, I owe you a thousand apologies. I am becoming a perfect tyrant. I had no idea it was so late. Can you excuse my thoughtlessness for the sake of the splendid progress we have made to-night?"

Mary rose with a smile; that little word "we" more than repaid her. Till now she had not known she was tired, but after the long strain of swift steady and close attention she felt dizzy and exhausted. Her head throbbed though her hands were cold. Mr. Karr took her hands in his and looked anxiously at her.

"I have been a perfect brute. I ought to have remembered what a long fatiguing day you have had. How could you let me overtask you so cruelly?"

"I am only a little tired," said Mary, smiling bravely. "I never felt it till I stopped. I had no thought of the time either. I was as much interested as you could be. Good-night, I must go now," trying to withdraw her hands.

"Good-night, then. I believe you will make a better writer of me, and a better man too, Mary. Excuse me," at her look of surprise, "the name slipped out unawares. I have had hard work, sometimes to keep it back. It has always seemed to me the sweetest of women's names. It was my mother's, and since I knew it was yours I have always thought of you by it."

The door was roughly flung open. Mary turned round with a low cry of dismay as Mrs. Karr appeared, her face flushed, her black eyes flaming, her dark hair in the utmost disorder. For a moment she stood panting, glaring round her like some wild creature about to spring.

"Will you leave us, Miss Hamilton?" said Mr. Karr quietly. "I have kept you too long already."

"Leave! No, she shall not. She shall stay, and so shall you, till you hear what I have to say. You think you can deceive a poor weak suffering woman; but I have found you out, with your white face, and quiet ways, and your modest eyes. What are you doing at this hour?" And placing herself against the door, she poured out a flood of horrible accusations, of violent abuse, of taunts that should never be uttered—words that seemed to scorch and blacken Mary's very soul, as she sat with bowed head and clasped hands, motionless as a statue.

"Annie," said Mr. Karr in a low hard voice, grasping her by the arm, "you do not know what you are saying. Be silent—for your own sake. Come with me now—to-morrow you can apologize to Miss Hamilton for this outrage."

With the strength of frenzy, she wrenched herself from his hold, her face distorted, her figure rigid with passion. "To-morrow!" she cried with a shrill laugh. "I would be glad never to see to-morrow; but you would rejoice to be rid of me, you would put that pale-faced thing in my place. What character will she have to-morrow? You have treated me for years like some outcast degraded thing, you have made me a prisoner in my own house, you have spied and watched me; but I know what you have been hoping all the time, that I might take too much and you would find yourself free, but I shall not—I shall not—I shall not!"

She shrieked out the last words like some malignant fury, and darted from the room. There was a dead silence; the miserable scene had lasted only a few minutes, but what a gulf it had opened up between those two! Mary sat perfectly still, as if stunned. Mr. Karr looked at her and turned away with a groan. What could he do to help or defend her? Nothing, unless———and his eyes kindled and he made an eager step forward, as Mary slowly rose and, feeling her way like one blind, began to move the door.

"Mary," he cried, "will you leave me without a word?"

"Good-bye," she said in a dull, tired voice. "What more can be said?"

"There is more. Mary, we cannot part in this way. Let us face the truth now. We love each other. No, don't shrink away from me. Why should our love be sin because for ten wretched years my life has been a hell on earth, because of the miserable mockery miscalled a marriage that has bound me to that unhappy woman? Is that a helpmeet in the struggle of life, is that a partner to help a man to goodness, and purity, and noble work? I was nearly giving up the battle when I saw you first; you have done good already, you could make me a better man. Whose judgment is it that we care for, you and I, is it God's or man's? Which will be the true marriage in His sight, the union of our hearts and lives, or the hateful bond I have been writhing under in shame and misery for years?" Clasping Mary's hands, he spoke in short broken sentences between each hard-drawn breath.

"Oh! let me go, let me go," she answered.

"I can't let you go. Where can you go, Mary? I have been too abrupt, but there is no other way, and to-night must decide. How little I thought what my carelessness would bring on you, but it will bring a blessing to us both if you will but hear me. Think of yourself, Mary. Are you fit to battle with the cold cruel world outside? Oh! my love, my love, I cannot let you go. Come to me and let me care for you; you will be my dear and honored wife, honored all the more because you have had love and trust and courage to sacrifice form for reality. Oh, Mary! you do not know how I have loved you, how I have hungered for your mere presence, how I have striven with myself, and would not ask you to come till to-night I could bear it no longer. You do not know how I have listened for your light step coming nearer and nearer, how I had to close my lips and say nothing lest I should say too much, when you came at last, so sweet, so pure, so good. God knows how long I could have kept silence, had the barrier between us not been thrown down to-night. I cannot part from you, Mary, I will not let you go. Come to me, my bride, my better self; my love will be a shield for you from all the world," and he drew her into his arms in a strong, tender embrace.

For one moment she let herself rest there, like one worn out by the struggle. For one moment the false paradise opened its alluring gates, her eyes were all but dazzled by that glimpse of the glories within. Her own heart cried out against her, Oh that it might be! Then, with a strength that surprised herself, she tore herself away. "No, no, no," she cried; "it cannot be. I love you—why should I hide it? and it is because I love you I must leave you. We cannot alter right and wrong to suit ourselves. Though I lived in your presence, and saw your face and heard your voice day by day, the shadow of our sin would part us far more cruelly than any distance will. Oh, Robert, if you love me help me—help me to do right."

She stood before him, her hands clasped, her pale face, and yearning eyes raised in passionate appeal to his. He turned away, he could not bear it, and yet he could not, he would not, yield to it.

"Mary," he said hoarsely, "have you thought that it will make little difference in the eyes of men, though you leave me now and for ever, though we never see each other's faces again?"

She looked at him and covered her face with her hands. "Can you use that as a plea with me, Robert?" she cried in a voice of heart-piercing reproach.

"Forgive me," he said humbly, "it is unworthy. If you will not think of yourself, have pity on me, Mary. I plead as a dying man for life, as if the grave were closing over me to-night. You do not know what my life has been. What you saw and heard a little while ago—forgive me recalling it—has been my lot for years. Will you shut me up again to that without light for the future? Oh, Mary, if you love me, can you leave me?"

The agony of entreaty in the deep brown eyes, on the worn, weary face, was torture to her. Every look, every word of the man she loved, thrilled her very soul. She felt her strength failing. Of what use were words, she could neither argue nor plead with him, but right and law and duty stood inexorably between them, love could not alter their stern decree.

She stood irresolute for a moment, and then said piteously, "Don't urge me any more to-night. Have mercy on me, spare me any more now."

Robert Karr looked at her, a terrible temptation assailed him, she saw it in his face and trembled. Victory seemed almost in his reach, if he but pressed his cause now; but honor and manhood conquered.

"Be it so, then," he said; "but you are trying me sorely, Mary," and without another word he let her go. At the door, she paused for a moment and looked back. He had thrown himself into a chair, his arms were flung out on the table before him, his face hidden. Oh, to turn back, to whisper one word, to see the light of joy and love flash up again! But no, she must go on. She shut the door softly, as if she had left a chamber of death; her life, her youth, her hopes, her heart were all left behind her there. Slowly she made her way to her room, tottering now and then with weariness, and began putting a few things together, only what she could carry with her. She counted her money, it would keep her from starvation for a little. She must not think, there would be time enough for that in the days and years to come. No, she must go, and go at once. She tried to write a farewell word, but hand and brain refused to act. One thing she would fain do, to kiss Lelia before she left, the child was so like her father.

Softly she stole along the dark corridor again. In that old-fashioned house many of the rooms opened from each other, and to reach Lelia's she must pass through Mrs. Karr's usual sitting-room. She looked round it with a curious sense of wonder. Was it only a few hours since she had sat there? The very book was still lying open which she had been reading. Then with a start and a shudder she saw that the room was not empty. Mrs. Karr was lying asleep on the sofa at her side, her face still flushed, her hair straying in elf-locks over the cushion, something tightly clenched in her right hand. What was that something? In spite of herself, habit impelled Mary to look again. It was a bottle of laudanum, more than enough to poison even one so accustomed to use it as Mrs. Karr.

She was in a troubled, uneasy sleep, but still a natural one, the reaction after the wild excitement. In a little while she would waken, and then—a fiery hand clutched Mary's heart—what then?—Robert Karr would be free.

The dim light swam before her eyes; it was no crime, she need do nothing, only leave that bottle there, and before the morning the woman who had so shamefully outraged her would be gone from her path for ever, she need not steal away, a nameless, homeless wanderer, the weary burden would be lifted from her love's heart and life; no longer fettered by ignoble cares, his powers would have fair scope at last, he would do work worthy of himself. Oh, why, why had she come into the room? And yet why should she hesitate? Sooner or later the end would come; she might save her enemy's life, and brighten her own, but let the temptation come again, and Mrs. Karr would succumb to it.

The struggle was fierce. Mary fell on her knees, she clenched her hands, she would not—no, she would not do it. Why should she be called on twice over to shut herself out from all that made life worth having.

She looked at the unlovely face, where hatred and jealousy and degrading thoughts had set their stamp, and her heart rose up in wild revolt. Why should that woman have all, have it only to trample on it and debase it? She had sold herself body and soul to satisfy a miserable craving: let her take her reward, let her be filled with the fruit of her doings.

Mary rose from her knees and walked to the door. After all, Mrs. Karr might not drink the laudanum—had she declared that she would not?

Mary's cheeks burned again at the thought. Where was the need, then, of these heroics? She reached the corridor again, and there, as if stopped by an unseen hand, she paused. No, she could not deceive herself, she was leaving that wretched woman to certain death: if she did not take the poison from her, the guilt of murder would be on her soul.

She turned back, and with a firm, gentle hand disengaged the bottle from the stiffened fingers, she walked swiftly to her own room, and, throwing open the window, hurled the bottle far out into the blackness of the autumn night.

* * * * * *

"Awfully old-looking Karr is getting,

don't you think?"

"Yes, poor chap! Didn't somebody say he had lost his wife?"

"Not much of a loss—a blessed riddance, I should say. Took to dram-drinking, or some such thing, years ago—been a perfect millstone round his neck, I should think. Bad enough in a man, but when a woman goes in for that sort of thing—ugh!—and it's what too many are doing nowadays. At any rate, she took a little too much one night, and finished it—bound to end that way some time."

Comfortably unconscious of the interest his friends were taking in him, Mr. Karr slowly descended the club steps and walked away westward. He was much changed in the last three years—the slight stoop had grown more pronounced, the chestnut hair was thickly sprinkled with grey, there were a listlessness about his whole appearance like that of a man who was losing his hold upon life.

He had gone but a short distance when a friend, full of some new find—that wonderful thing nowadays, a rare book picked up on a stall—pounced upon him and carried him off to his rooms to view the treasure.

After a somewhat languid acquiescence in its merits, he strolled round the room, glancing at the books, till suddenly his eye fell on some manuscript on a side-table.

"Who wrote that, Mellish?" he asked in a voice that made his friend look round.

"That? Oh, it's nothing special; my secretary was ill" (Mr. Mellish's secretary was rather a joke among his friends), "and I believe he got the young woman to copy it out. Good writing for a woman, isn't it? Poor thing—a case of better days, I fancy. She came here for some instructions, and, 'pon my word, I felt quite sorry for her. I should have liked to have given her a right good dinner. I say, Karr, you're surely not yourself to-day, you're looking awfully seedy. You ought to take a rest, or seek a doctor. Nothing takes it out of a man like brain-work, you know."

And Mr. Mellish wagged his head sagely, as one who knew about the exhausting effects of such labors.

"Oh, I am all right," said Mr. Karr, shortly. "Do you know the lady's address?"

"Thinking of employing her? Well, I wish you would. I don't know it, but I dare say Jackson could find her out for you. He'll be here directly."

Next day Mr. Karr was walking up and down his study in uncontrollable excitement. It must be Mary. Would she come? Mr. Jackson was to convey a message to her, asking her to call, but without giving Mr. Karr's name; he had long ago left Wanstead, so his new address could have no association for her. The secretary could tell him but little about Miss Horton, except that she seemed to be a lady, though in such sore straits. Robert Karr turned sick at heart when he remembered what his friend had said of her. Now, would she come? It was the hour named. How could he bear it, if it should not be Mary?

In another moment the door was opened, Miss Horton was announced. He dared not look up, the dread of disappointment was too keen. Slowly he lifted his eyes. There stood Mary Hamilton, who for three weary years he had sought in vain. Was it a living woman after all, or some image his over-wrought brain had called up, so pale and still, her white lips parted, her sweet hazel eyes distended as if in mortal fear?

"Mary," he cried—"Mary, speak to me, is it really you?"

She stretched out her hands to wave him back, she tried to turn away, but her limbs failed her; she would have fallen, but he caught her in his arms. She struggled faintly, but he pressed her closer.

"No, Mary, there is no escape now, you are mine at last," he said, in a tone of tender triumph. "But, oh, my love, you were very cruel to me. Could you not have trusted me? Not all the happiness which, God grant, lies before us now will blot out the memory of that day when I found you were gone. I thought of you pleading with strangers, as you had pleaded with me, for work to do. I knew what the world was to a helpless woman. Oh, Mary, could you not have trusted me? I was mad with misery that night, but surely you did not fear me?"

"I feared myself, not you. I could not trust myself," came the low answer. "But tell me one thing first, what of—what of ——?"

The great hollow eyes asked the question that the lips could not utter. Mr. Karr turned away his head.

"She is at rest; you can guess how. Oh, Mary, God forgive me, if you knew sometimes how sorely I was tempted simply to stand by, and let her take her own way. Once or twice, in sheer despair, I nearly yielded, but, thank God, I was saved from that."

"You too!" exclaimed Mary, and in a passion of tears she told the story of that terrible night.

Robert Karr strained her to his heart anew.

"How much you have suffered through me, Mary! God help me to make it up to you in the years to come."

And then a deep hush fell upon both: the dire temptation, the hopeless parting, the black, bitter days of separation were over, they were restored to each other—that was enough.

MISS DEWDROP—"Don't you think Mr. Rosebush has a very sensitive mouth?" Miss Rayne (blushing violently)—"How should I know?"

Just In.

BY C. J. S.

SLOWLY, almost reluctantly, Lenore Armlyn turns her bronze-crowned head from the outside world, on which she has been gazing for some time, to the splendor and warmth of the room within. How happy the several other occupants of the room seem! Are they really so, she wonders, or is it but a mask to hide the seething, restless hearts beneath their smiles?

Certainly there is no evidence of any mental struggle on her face when she turns. Such a dazzlingly lovely face it is, too! A grandly perfect face on which the sunshine glimmers and plays in uncompromising mischief, through curtains of misty, priceless lace but fails to reveal a flaw in contour or coloring. The grey eyes are, perhaps, a trifle too calm, too proud and disdainful; but the beautiful arched lips have a suspicion of sadness that sweetens and softens the whole face.

A woman of one-and-twenty, perhaps: slim, but exquisitely formed, and proportioned as some rare old statue of Venus.

For a moment Wayne Clifford—nonchalant philosopher of a worldly-wise school as he is—sceptic and cynic in the "Gallery of Beautiful Women"—feels his heart quicken and throb with a passion and energy that he would not have believed possible when her calm grey eyes met his.

But, pshaw! he is a man of the world, having waded through all of society's intrigues, and broken all, or nearly all, the commandments. What should this slim, fair woman, who is betrothed to his uncle, be to him more than any other beautiful woman in whose sex he has long ago lost faith? Beautiful women have loved him, too, and he has not cared. Why should this girl's serene grey eyes upset his calm? Bah!

He crosses the luxurious drawing-room and stands beside her, while his dark magnificent eyes smile into hers. He cannot see that they embarrass her in anyway, and it angers him that they do not.

"Do you know," he says, with a low, soft laugh, "I was guilty of watching your face for a whole minute just now, while you looked out at the window? And forgive me if I speculated on your heart—that I wondered if you were bringing it to Beechwood, or if you were leaving it behind in the care of some one else, perhaps. I even for a moment speculated on the chances of your creation without one. The gods were so very profuse in their kindnesses to you that perhaps they gave you that torture."

The faintest suspicion of a flush crosses her perfect face, and dies away under the white collar at her throat. It is the first time he has spoken to her directly or alone since his arrival at Beechwood, and that it should be in tones of half-scornful compliment angers her beyond measure.

She is the promised wife of his uncle, certainly; yet that gives him no license to insult her thus. It is three years since her mother died, leaving her to the care of Colonel Clifford; but until a few weeks ago she had never met his nephew, who, rumor said, was madly in love with the great heiress—Ollo Lynne.

Certainly they had come in the same party, and seemed far more than friends. Why should Lenore care in what relationship they stood to one another? Yet she does, and scorns herself for the caring.

"Pray don't, Mr. Clifford," she says, meeting his grand dark eyes. "It cannot possibly be a matter of any moment to you whether I was created with or without a heart."

He bows low, in calm indifference, and walks to a distant part of the room, where Ollo Lynne lounges on a velvet sofa.

Miss Lynne is a beauty—partly Spanish—over whom men go into mad raptures, and commit desperate acts. A dangerous woman with dark, large eyes and a sudden beautiful smile that dazzles the beholder with the gleam of her white, sharp teeth.

Somehow, now, it sends a sharp pain through Lenore Armlyn's heart as he bends above the fascinating coquette and speaks in a low tone. What a magnificent form he has, and what a grand dark face! A distinguished man always with that courteous, calm, half-tender, half-scornful grace that makes him so dangerous to a woman's peace of mind.

Then Col. Clifford comes in, and crosses the room to Lenore's side. He is a tall, soldierly man, with a mobile face and grey moustache; yet for the first time Lenore realizes what the future years will make him to her, and her heart shrinks from such a relationship. He is so good and kind that she loves him, of course; but more, perhaps, with the affection she would have given her father, had he lived, than as she should love her husband.

"So you have been making love to your future aunt through your eyes, Wayne?" laughs Miss Lynne, with a little shrug of her graceful shoulders; but there is a scornful fire in her Oriental eyes that belies the carelessness of the act. "Don't trouble to deny it. I saw the marble Venus actually glow with the first blush of awakening. I am a connoisseur in reading emotions of that kind, you know! And I know that there is danger ahead for your predestined aunt. You see I don't give you credit for the possession of a heart, so I fear no harm for you."

She smiles brightly, and he sinks down on the sofa by her side with a light laugh.

"No wonder," he says lazily. "You have trampled on my human heart until it refuses to draw itself back to place. Don't judge me by your own deeds. How could I make love to any other woman when you were by—and possible?"

She sings a short ballad lightly beneath her breath, rising as she finishes. She is impatient with him. Why can she not find his heart—make him mad and reckless with love for her, as she has made other men? Not for worlds would she have him know that he has pierced the armor of her worldliness, and reached her heart, to make it throb and quicken at his will.

The early spring days go lightly by on the wings of pleasure. There are so many guests at Beechwood that time never hangs heavily or drags. Seldom enough Wayne Clifford speaks alone with Lenore, yet he has fallen into the habit of studying her face, watching for her coming, comparing her with the other women to their disadvantage, and feeling anxious and bored when she is not with them.

He is guilty of a certain irritable anger with Fate, who twists our lives in his fickle hands, and throws us where he will. If only things had been different—if he had been a good, earnest man of business instead of Wayne Clifford! If she had been herself free instead of betrothed to that old duffer of——"

"Pshaw!" he laughs lightly but impatiently. "I will go and find her."

At an angle in the corridor he runs into his uncle. From the look in his face and the note in his hand, Wayne surmises that there is something wrong.

"What is it, old fellow?" he asks carelessly; but the next moment he gives a great start when his uncle excitedly answers:

"Matter? Why, the child has gone, Wayne—gone Heaven knows where—I don't! Lenore, I mean. Read that—the note—will you?"

"Because I do not love you," Wayne reads, with a curious triumph of heart that is more than half keen pain—"because I never can, now, as your wife, I go away, well knowing that, in the great generosity of your noble heart, you will forgive the woman to whom you have been so kind, and who, in going, suffers an agony unutterable. Forgive, but do not worry for, me as I am able to work for my own livelihood, and now it is best that I should."

"Poor child!" says the old gentleman. "Poor girl! and she is so much too beautiful for a struggle with the world. And her mother left her to me! We must find her, Wayne—we must! And, egad! she won't have to marry me, or any one else on earth, unless she wants to."

But all their search is vain; all the clues as to her whereabouts false; and the rewards unwon. Lenore Armlyn has disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up; and so in the despair of that knowledge, Wayne Clifford learns that he loves her—deeply, earnestly, immeasurably, as he never loved before and never will again.

* * * * * *

Three years later, Wayne Clifford is walking rapidly down the busy thoroughfare of a northern city. A drizzling rain is falling, and the pavements are an icy sheet of sleet.

Turning a sudden corner, he comes forcibly against a lady. The shock of such a meeting sends her umbrella out into the middle of the street on a gust of wind.

The owner keeps her footing by tottering against the side of a building. When her eyes meet those of the tall gentleman, who is courteously apologizing for the accident, a crimson stain dyes her fair face, and she makes frantic endeavors to draw down her veil, with a little sob of pain.

Wayne reaches out his hand to prevent her. He is heedlessly of the passing crowd. He has found Lenore. What can the whole matter now, when his eyes have drunk in her exquisite beauty, when his heart is beating a tripping melody that surely must be distinctly heard?

He takes the music folio from her hand and draws her arm through his, noticing that the glove she wears is carefully mended and darned.

"Why did you go away from us?" he asks, as they move onward, neither knowing nor caring whither. "Do you know that we searched everywhere for you? Why did you never let us know where you were, Lenore? Answer me."

She laughed a little, but uneasily; and he can feel that her form trembles like a reed.

"I did not flatter myself that any one would care," she answers, "except your uncle, of course. And I could not go back to him in—in that way—I—I had taken my freedom with my 'French leave,' you know."

"You have suffered, Lenore," he answers, in stern tenderness, looking keenly into the wan, beautiful face. "You have changed—as I have. What have you been doing to change you so, child?"

She gives a little mirthless laugh, and a gesture of passionate protest.

"Working; teaching music; singing; writing; starving; suffering." she answers, "I have not lain on a bed of roses, Mr. Clifford, but I had hardly expected that, having looked the situation in the face as I did before I left."

He looks at her earnestly, sadly, with longing regret, and love unutterable in that grave gaze, which brings all the conscious blood to her face. They have paused in a quiet, shaded archway, and he takes her slim hand in his.

"My poor child!" he whispers. "Lenore, will you come back, dear? Not"—as she bursts into a storm of tears and passionate protest—"not," he continues, "as my uncle's wife, but as mine. I cannot live without you, Lenore; nor you without me. Don't deny it. Can't I read your eyes? And it was Providence, or a lucky fate, that drove us together in such forcible style to-day, wasn't it, dear?"

"Providence," she answers, through her tears, "because to-day, for the first time, I had given up in despair. My life seemed worth so little, and the struggle was so hard—the reward so invisible! When I met you, Wayne"—she hesitates about the name, but he smiles tenderly—"I was on my way to give my last music lesson. To-morrow I would have promised to marry my pupil's father, who is a widower, and who asked me long ago—to-morrow would have been too late."

She shudders and draws near to him.

"'All's well that ends well,'" he quotes, caressingly. "My darling—my wife!"

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

To the general student of art and history the greatest interest of coins arises from the fact that they form the earliest portrait gallery of royal personages. The oldest authentic portraits of English kings are those of Edward IV. and Richard IIIs.

A passenger on an arriving train at Augusta, Ga., some days ago turned over his hand satchel to a darkey, who was lustily soliciting patronage for a presumably first-class hotel. After looking all over the town for the hotel represented by the darkey, the unfortunate visitor was forced to a realization of the fact that he was the victim of an original scheme hit upon by a sharp thief, whose purposes were to secure the luggage entrusted to his care. The thief and baggage are still at large. The loss falls heavily on the passenger, as the valise contained a handsome new suit of clothing, besides several other articles of value.

The question has often been raised what proportion of balls, exchanged by hostile armies, will hit their mark and kill. Difficult as it is to solve it exactly, some approximation may be arrived at from the number of balls—estimated at 20 000 000—which were fired by the Germans in the war of 1870-71. The French army lost, in the dead and wounded, about 140,000 men. According to this, only one ball out of 143 fired hit its man, and assuming that on an average one man out of seven hit was actually killed, it would seem that only one rifle ball in 858 proved fatal. If it is further considered that the number of men wounded and killed by the guns of the artillery are included in the above estimate it may safely be said that not over one rifle ball in a thousand fired proved to be fatal.

Gilman Drake Lutwiler is the name of a five-year-old child in Griffin, Ga., who has to be kept at home to prevent him from lying down on railroad tracks to enjoy the "fun" of watching the train pass over him. One day not long ago he got on the cow-catcher of a Georgia Midland locomotive to take a ride, but fell off upon the track, where he lay while the engine and train passed over him, rising up at the rear end of the train uninjured and chuckling at the adventure. So amusing was it that, a few days afterward, he went down to the train and deliberately lay down in front of the locomotive, unseen by the engineer, for the purpose of repeating the episode, and again succeeded in escaping without injury. But his dangerous proclivities were discovered, and he has since been forbidden the track by the maternal authority, and has had his freedom curtailed to a manner that must prove very irksome to his adventurous disposition.

In the fifteenth century, cards, we read, were played "in all places of worship" in the old country—a rather astonishing statement unless we remember that what is meant is not the churches, but the houses of the gentry. In France, at the time of the great revolution, Kings and Queens were, of course, tolerated nowhere—not even on cards, where the places of the Kings were taken by four literary men: Molière, La-fontaine, Voltaire, and Rousseau; and of the Queens by four virtues: Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude. This country, also, so recently as 1848, made cards without Kings or Queens. For the Kings we had Washington, who was the President of Hearts; John Adams, the President of Diamonds; Franklin, the President of Clubs; and Lafayette, the President of Spades. The Queens were Venus, Fortune, Ceres, and Minerva. Indian chiefs supplied the places of the Knaves or Jacks.

A member of the "new nobility," residing in Prague, desirous of commemorating his recent elevation to the peerage in a befitting manner, wrote to the Austrian Consul in Japan, requesting him to get the new coat of arms painted on a valuable set of porcelain, and to forward the artistic product on to Europe with all possible despatch. The letter contained the necessary drawings, under which, by way of explanation, were written the words, "My coat-of-arms and that of my wife". Not long afterward the anxiously expected parcel arrived. With eager haste the chest was opened and emptied of its contents, after which the whole family was summoned to inspect the Japanese work of art. The porcelain proved to be of the finest quality; the coats-of-arms were admirably executed in true Japanese fashion, but—horror! every plate and cup bore the expression in bold characters: "My coat-of-arms and that of my wife"—a device known in the whole range of heraldic sciences. Muttering dreadful things, not loud, but deep, our new-fledged knight buried the valuable set of china in the nethermost recesses of his "ancestral hall."

Our Young Folks.

THE QUICKEST RUNNERS.

BY HANS ANDERSEN.

THERE was a large reward offered—Indeed, there were two rewards offered, a larger and a lesser one—for the greatest speed, not in one race alone, but to such as had got on fastest throughout the year.

"I got the highest prize," said the hare. "One had a right to expect justice when one's own family and best friends were in the council; but that the snail should have got the second prize I consider as almost an insult to me."

"No," observed the wooden fence, which had been a witness to the distribution of the prizes; "you must take diligence and good will into consideration. That remark was made by several very estimable persons, and that was also my opinion. To be sure the snail took half a year to cross the threshold; but he broke his thigh-bone in the tremendous exertion which that was for him. He devoted himself entirely to this race; and, moreover, he ran with his house on his back. All these weighed in his favor, and so he obtained the second prize."

"I think my claims might also have been taken into consideration," said the swallow. "More speedy than I, in flight and motion, I believe no one has shown himself. And where have I not been? Far, far away!"

"And that is just your misfortune," said the wooden fence. "You gad about too much. You are always on the wing, ready to start out of the country when it begins to freeze. You have no love for your fatherland. You cannot claim any consideration in it."

"But if I were to sleep all the winter through on the moor," inquired the swallow—"sleep my whole time away—should I be thus entitled to be taken into consideration?"

"Obtain an affidavit from the old woman of the moor that you did sleep half the year in your fatherland, then your claims will be taken into consideration."

"I deserve the first prize instead of the second," said the snail. "I know very well that the hare only ran from cowardice, whenever he thought there was danger near. I, on the contrary, made the trial the business of my life, and I have become a cripple in consequence of my exertions. If any one had a right to the first prize it was I; but I make no fuss; I scorn to do so!"

"I can declare upon my honor that each prize, at least as far as my voice in the matter went, was accorded with strict justice," said the old sign-post in the wood, who had been one of the arbitrators. "I always act with due reflection, and according to order. Seven times before have I had the honor to be engaged in the distribution of the prizes, but never until to-day have I had my own way carried out. My plan has always hitherto been thwarted—that was, to give the first prize to one of the first letters in the alphabet, and the second prize to one of the last letters. If you will be so good as to grant me your attention, I will explain it to you. The eighth in the alphabet from *A* is *H*—that stands for *Hare*, and, therefore, I awarded the greatest prize to the Hare; and the eighth letter from the end is *S*, therefore, the *Snail* obtained the second prize. Next time the *I* will carry off the first prize, and *K* the second. A due attention to order and rotation should prevail in all rewards and appointments. Everything should go according to rule. *Rule* must precede merit."

"I should certainly have voted for myself, had I not been among the judges," said the mule. "People must take into account not only how quickly one goes, but what other circumstances are in question; as, for instance, how much one carries. But I would not this time have thought about that, neither about the hare's wisdom in his flight—his tact in springing suddenly to one side, to put his pursuers on the wrong scent, away from his place of concealment. No; there is one thing many people think much of, and which ought never to be disregarded. It is called 'The Beautiful.' I saw that in the hare's charming well-grown ears; it is quite a pleasure to see how long they are. I fancied that I beheld myself when I was little, and so I voted for him."

"Hush!" said the fly. "As for me I will not speak; I will only say one word. I know right well that I have outrun more than one hare. The other day I broke the hind legs of one of the young ones. I was sitting on the locomotive before the train. I often do that. One sees so well there one's own speed. A young hare ran for a long time in front of the engine; he had no idea that I was there. At length he was just going to turn off the line, when the locomotive went over his hind legs and broke them, for I was sitting on it. The hare remained lying there, but I drove on. This was surely getting before him; but I do not care for the prize."

"It appears to me," thought the wild rose, but she did not say it, it is not her nature to express her ideas openly, though it might have been well had she done so—"it appears to me that the summer should have had the first prize of honor, and the second also. It passes in a moment the immeasurable space from the sun down to us, and comes with such power that all nature is awakened by it. It has such beauty that all we roses redden and become fragrant under it. The high presiding authorities do not seem to have noticed it all. Were I the sunbeam, I would give each of them a sunstroke, that I would; but it would only make them crazy, and they will very likely be that without it. I shall say nothing," thought the wild rose. "There is peace in the wood; it is delightful to blossom, to shed refreshing perfume around, to live amidst the songs of birds and the rustling of trees; but the sun's rays will outlive us all."

"What is the first prize?" asked the earth-worm, who had overslept himself, and only now joined them.

"It gives free entrance to the kitchen-garden," said the mule. "I proposed the prize, as a clear-sighted and judicious member of the meeting, with a view to the hare's advantage. I was resolved to have it, and he is now provided for. The snail has permission to sit on the stone fence, and to enjoy the moss and the sunshine; and, moreover, he is appointed to be one of the chief judges of the next race. It is well to have one who is practically acquainted with the business in hand—on a committee, as human beings call it. I must say I expect great things from the future—we have made so good a beginning."

BURIED IN THE SANDS.

BY MRS. D. K.

CONSTANCE, Mildred and Daisy, with their parents, were staying for a day or two at one of the large hotels at Boulogne, before going to spend a month at Taunton, a little village on the sea, three miles north of it.

It was the first time the little girls had been in France, and it delighted them to be in a new country, and hear every one speaking French, "even the poor people and tiny children."

They were particularly pleased with the market-place, where they saw the picturesque costumes of the peasant women, the large white caps of all shapes, the rich-colored kerchiefs and short skirts, and the celebrated sabots (wooden shoes.)

The children were equally charmed with their house when they got to Taunton. It was built on the low grass-covered sand-hills, not far from the beach, and was surrounded by a fruit garden.

"Besides all the apples and pears and plums, mother," cried Daisy, who, with her sisters had been running all over the house, and into every nook of the garden, "the gardener says there are heaps and heaps of mushrooms on these downs, and we can gather as many as we please every morning."

"And he says, too," broke in Mildred, "that all the children in Taunton go about bare-footed, because it is so difficult to run about on the sand with boots on, for you sink right in. We may leave off our boots and stockings too, mayn't we, mother?"

In a few minutes the three children were running down to the sea, bare footed, with spades in their hands.

"I say, Mildred," said Constance, "let's dig a hole in the sand and bury Daisy. We'll pretend we're wicked men, and have killed her. You don't mind, do you, Daisy?"

"No, but don't let the sand get into my eyes, and don't keep me covered up too long."

"I'll put my pocket-handkerchief over your eyes, pet, and you'll be ever so comfortable," said Mildred, who would not on any account have been buried herself.

"Don't be frightened, Daisy dear," said Constance, when she and Mildred had completely covered up their little sister; "we're only going away for a minute, for you know the 'cruel monsters' must 'hasten away from the scene of their terrible crime.'"

And the two children, taking each other's hand, scampered gaily off along the water's edge.

"Constance!" cried Mildred, "just look at those great black fish jumping right out of the water."

"Oh, they're porpoises! Ain't they going fast? Let's race them!"

With this new excitement all thoughts of their little buried sister were instantly swept away from the giddy brains of the girls, and they flew along the beach with streaming hair and sparkling eyes, as if they had wings instead of feet.

But it is no easy task to outstrip porpoises which swim faster than the quickest steamer can sail, and after a quarter of an hour's vain chase the two children sank down on the wet sand, tired out and panting for breath.

"It's horrid to be beaten by porpoises!" said Constance contemptuously.

"And they take it so easy, too, gliding along so smoothly, not one bit flurried. I believe they do it just to annoy us."

"Mildred," cried Constance, suddenly starting up. "Poor Daisy! we've quite forgotten her!"

"Oh, so we have! I hope she can breathe through the sand. It must be rather stuffy!"

"Oh, come quick, Mildred!" said Constance, much alarmed. "We must go back and look for her at once."

Tired and out of breath though they were, the children ran back almost as quick as they had come.

"I know just where she is," said Mildred. "Just below the dark rock covered with mussels."

"Mildred!" shrieked Constance, as they reached the rock, and found that the tide (which was fast coming in) had almost covered it. "The sea is all over the hole, and poor, darling Daisy must be drowned!"

She rushed into the water, heedless of wetting her pretty white frock, and eagerly looked around to see if there was any trace of her little sister; but she could not see anything.

"What's that blue thing floating?" called out Mildred.

"It's Daisy's sash," cried Constance.

"And here's my handkerchief that I put over her face," sobbed Mildred. "Oh, dear! dear! But do come back, Conny, dear, you'll be drowned too, and then what shall I do?"

"Perhaps she's hiding somewhere among the cliffs," said Constance.

And the two children, wet and draggled, ran wildly along the foot of the cliffs, calling aloud—

"Daisy, darling Daisy! Do, oh, do come back to us!"

"It's getting dark, Mildred, and we must go home and tell mother now; she will be getting frightened about us all. Oh, dear! how dreadful it is! What shall we do?"

And they threw their arms around each other's neck, and sobbed bitterly.

Tightly holding one another's hands, they slowly walked back to the house, softly opened the garden gate, and then went in.

"Let's come and look at mother through the dining-room window first," said Constance; "I daren't go in just yet."

The little pale scared faces were pressed against the window panes, and they peered into the room.

There sat their mother at the tea-table, upon which shone the lamp, lighting up the face of—Daisy, who was seated before a plate heaped with bread-and-honey, and a large tumbler of new milk.

"Daisy, darling Daisy!" cried both children at once, and flinging open the window, they burst into the room, pounced upon Daisy and hugged and kissed her, all sticky with honey as she was, until she had hardly any breath left in her little body.

"I'm so glad you're not angry with me for not waiting for you," said Daisy, as soon as she could speak. "But I did stay there ages and ages, till I was so choky and uncomfortable that I couldn't lie still any longer. I lost my sash, too, somehow."

"Now, Constance and Mildred," said their mother, when she had heard the whole story, "go and change your clothes as fast as you can, and come to tea. You have had as a punishment a dreadful fright, but you quite deserved it."

THE PEN AND THE INKSTAND.

BY H. C. A.

THE following remark was made in a poet's room, as the speaker looked at the inkstand that stood upon his table:—

"It is astonishing all that can come out of that inkstand. What will it produce next? Yes, it is wonderful!"

"So it is!" exclaimed the inkstand. "It is incomprehensible! That is what I always say." It was thus the inkstand addressed itself to the pen, and to everything else that could hear it on the table. "It is really astonishing all that can come from me! It is almost incredible! I positively do not know myself what the next production may be, when a person begins to dip into me. One drop of me serves for half a side of paper; and what may not then appear upon it? I am certainly something extraordinary. From me proceed all the works of the poets. These animated beings, whom people think they recognise—these deep feelings, that gay humor, these charming descriptions of nature—I do not understand them myself, for I know nothing about nature; but still it is all in me."

"From me have gone forth, and still go forth, those warrior hosts, those lovely maidens, those bold knights on snorting steeds, those droll characters in humbler life. The fact is, however, that I do not know about them myself. I assure you they are not my ideas."

"You are right there," replied the pen. "You have few ideas, and do not trouble yourself much with thinking. If you did exert yourself to think, you would perceive that you ought to give something that was not dry. You supply me with the means of committing to paper what I have in me; I write with that. It is the pen that writes. Mankind do not doubt that; and most men have about as much genius for poetry as an old inkstand."

"You have but little experience," said the inkstand. "You have scarcely been in use, and you are already half worn out. Do you fancy that you are a poet? You are only a servant; and I have had many of your kind before you came—many of the goose family, and of domestic manufacture. I know both quill pens and steel pens. I have had a great many in my service, and I shall have many more still, when he, the man who stirs me up, comes and puts down what he takes from me. I should like very much to know what will be the next thing he will take from me."

Late in the evening the poet returned home. He had been at a concert, had heard a celebrated violin player, and was quite enchanted with his wonderful performance. It had been a complete gush of melody that he had drawn from the instrument. Sometimes it seemed like the gentle murmur of a rippling stream, sometimes like the singing of birds, sometimes like the tempest sweeping through the mighty forests.

He fancied he heard his own heart weep, but in the sweet tones that can be heard in a woman's charming voice. It seemed as if not only the strings of the violin made music, but its bridge, its pegs, and its sounding-board.

It was astonishing! The piece had been a most difficult one; but it seemed like play—as if the bow were wandering capriciously over the strings. Such was the appearance of facility, that every one might have supposed he could do it. The violin seemed to sound of itself, the bow to play of itself.

These two seemed to do it all. One forgot the master who guided them, who gave them life and soul. Yes, they forgot the master; but the poet thought of him. He named him, and wrote down his thoughts as follows:

"How foolish it would be of the violin and the bow, were they to be vain of their performance! And yet this is what so often we of the human species are. Poets, artists, those who make discoveries in science, military and naval commanders—we are all proud of ourselves; and yet we are only the instruments in our Lord's hands. To Him alone be the glory! We have nothing to arrogate to ourselves."

This was what the poet wrote; and he headed it with, "The Master and the Instruments." When the inkstand and the pen were again alone, the latter said—

"Well, madam, you heard him read aloud what I had written."

"Yes, what I gave you to write," said the inkstand. "It was a hit at you for your conceit. Strange that you cannot see that people make a fool of you. I gave you that hit pretty cleverly. I confess, though, it was rather malicious."

"Ink-holder!" cried the pen.

"Writing-stick!" cried the inkstand.

They both felt assured that they had answered well; and it is a pleasant reflection that one has made a smart reply—one sleeps comfortably after it. And they both went to sleep; but the poet could not sleep.

His thoughts welled forth like the tones from the violin, murmuring like a pearly rivulet, rushing like a storm through the forest. He recognized the feeling of his own heart—he perceived the gleam from the everlasting Master.

To Him alone be the glory!

LONG BRIDGES.—The longest bridge now in actual use is the one that crosses the St. Lawrence River at Montreal—a tubular structure resting on massive stone piers. One opening measures 330 feet, and twenty-four others measure 240 feet each. Its total length is 9,437 feet, of which the tubular part measures 7,000 feet.

The grandest suspension bridge in the world is the one across the East River, between New York and Brooklyn. It is 5,989 feet in length.

Another enormous suspension bridge is the new bridge across the Forth, at Queensferry, Scotland. The Forth is rather more than a mile wide at this point, and the necessary approaches make the entire structure about one and one-third mile long. A large part of it rests on piers, but it contains two suspension spans, one of which is of the same length as the main span of the New York and Brooklyn bridge.

There is a bridge over the Ohio, at Louisville, 5,310 feet in length. There are the Parkersburg bridge, West Virginia, 7,048 feet; the St. Charles bridge, over the Missouri, 6,536 feet; bridge over the Rhine, at Mayence, 3,980 feet; bridge over the River Tongabudra, near Bombay, India, 3,730 feet; bridge across the Missouri, at Omaha, 2,800 feet; bridge over the Mississippi, at Quincy, 2,790 feet; and the railway suspension bridge at Niagara, 2,220 feet.

MADDENING.—The way people can mix up themselves and their relatives in the matter of marriage was perhaps never better illustrated than in the case of a backwoods Maine family of which a correspondent writes: "A father, son, and grandson married three sisters. That looks simple enough, doesn't it? It hasn't dawned on you yet. Well, see here. (1) Amos, the father, married Abigail. (2) Benjamin, son of Amos, married Betsey. (3) Charles, son of Benjamin, married Caroline. What then? Amos is brother to his son. Amos is father to his grandson. Amos is grandfather to his sister. Amos is own grandfather, his own son, and brother-in-law to himself. Benjamin is brother to his sister. Benjamin is brother to his son. Benjamin is brother to his mother. Benjamin is brother to his daughter. Benjamin is the son of his sister. Charles is brother to his father. Charles is brother to his grandfather. Charles is brother to his mother. Charles is brother to his grandmother. Charles is grandnephew to his mother. Charles is grandnephew to his wife. Charles is grandchild to his aunt. Charles is married to another aunt. Charles is the son of his aunt. Charles is the husband of his sister.

A PRACTICAL GIRL.—They sat on the upturned bottom of a broken boat. The silvered path of glory stretched across the restless waters up nearly to their feet. They had fallen into silence. No moment was it then to talk of tennis or of scandal. He was overcome with that tender passion which thrives in moonlight. That glorious moonlight that levels all complexions and makes the freckled girl as pretty as the rose-cheeked maiden! The happy moonlight under whose mystic influence lovers take bliss in by the pores. He grew fervent. He clasped her hand. She gave him back a gentle pressure.

"Tell me," he whispered, with the hoarseness of emotion—whispered as if he feared the murmuring surf might catch the question and bear it to some other ears. "Tell me, have you ever loved?"

She trembled. She hesitated, for a moment, and he thought he felt her blushes glow into his eyes. She trembled, and in a still, soft whisper, gentle as the summer breeze, answered:

"Not this summer!"

THE SCALE OF BEING.

Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood:
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense, so subtly true,
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How Instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection, how allied:
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all, subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these powers in one?

* * * * * *

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms on the trees:
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns;
To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.

—Pope.

ORNAMENTS OF WOMEN.

From very early ages it has been the custom, not only to wear ornaments of various kinds, but to use paints and pigments with a view of improving the complexion, or adding to personal beauty. Jezebel the wicked wife of Ahab, "painted her face." And Jeremiah, addressing Jerusalem as a woman, says, "Though thou rendest thy face with painting, in vain shalt thou make thyself fair," in allusion to a custom which prevailed amongst Eastern women of introducing a preparation of antimony between the eye and the lid. This was supposed to make the eyes more brilliant, and the lids were necessarily distended at the time of its introduction. So the prophet tells, that even were the quantity so overdone as to rend the eyelids it would be all in vain.

The ancient British in the northern part of the island stained and tattooed their bodies. As a rule, it is more correct to speak of stained than painted skins, as the color was usually imparted by the juice of some plant.

Frobisher in his first voyage, 1576, describes some Esquimaux whom he met with. "The women," he says, "were marked in the face with blue streaks down the cheeks and round about the eyes."

Our American Indians were greatly addicted to the use of paint, the warriors assuming it as an ornament essential to their warlike appearance. Indeed, amongst savages generally, feathers, paint, necklaces made of shells, the teeth of animals, and carved bones form the greater part of their ornamental appendages.

The use of ornament seems in some cases to have preceded that of dress. In a remarkably interesting paper entitled, "Ancient European Savages," there is an account of the exploration of certain caverns and of the discoveries made therein. These prove that the caverns were the abode of pre-historic European savages, and that these dwellings lay below the stalagmite floors which have in the course of ages been gradually formed above them.

In the Kesserlock cave, in Switzerland, the removal of the stalagmite has revealed the slabs of stone which must have served as both seats and beds. There is also proof from the articles actually found, that the women, at any rate, adorned themselves with tastefully made ornaments—earrings, not of precious metal, but carved in bone, horn, and other substances; also with shells and teeth drilled for a like purpose. These may have been hung round the neck or suspended from the ears, but if the latter were pierced it must have been by an extremely painful operation, and the instrument used a splinter of bone, the only thing available in that very primitive time. But who shrinks from torture if connected with fashion? Savage and civilized will endure anything as its votaries.

In this cavern, beside the ornaments, samples of rouge used are also found in the shape of red peroxide of iron, lumps of which were lying near to smooth slabs on which it had been ground, for the tops were stained with it. And this love of paints and ornaments was co-existent with tools of bone and weapons of stone.

"Can a maid forget her ornaments?"

In our land the ornaments are generally the first things to be parted with when a season of distress comes, but not willingly. Neither are they soon forgotten. In some countries the people cling to them even when in want of necessaries. The Italians are remarkable for this, many of the beautiful articles in coral and gold being heirlooms which a woman will sometimes wear when her clothing is little else but rags.

There are curious natural ornaments, too, which pass from generation to generation. Some Russian women wear a sort of skull cap of gold, with lace arranged over it. In Bavaria the women go to plough similarly decorated, and with bodices embroidered with silver. Gold and silver bodkins are used in Italy and Switzerland for fastening the hair.

The Hungarians wear a profusion of feathers, flowers, and silver chains and buttons; the Polish gentlemen gold chains round their necks, and brooches. In Iceland and Norway, silver—a native product—is very largely used for ornamental purposes, and even the little Lapland woman has a silver clasp to her girdle.

A Greek girl surrounds her head with strings of gold coins, and each additional one that she can save she fastens to her head-dress, so that it is not difficult to guess at her probable fortune. A well dowered girls must have an uneasy time of it, as it is painful to carry a weight on the head; only in this case she begins with a little and increases it gradually.

The Turkish ladies load themselves with jewels, decorating the person and dress with any quantity of gold and sparkling gems. The women of Lebanon arrange their veils over a long silver horn fastened to the head, or another article resembling a dice-box in shape.

Arab women still wear the gold nose ring, redden their nails, and blacken the eyelids in the manner named in the Bible. The Chinese use many flowers and a jewelled bird as an ornament for the forehead.

In Thibet the women are compelled by law to daub their faces over with a species of black paste, and thus disfigured they are permitted to go about, where and when they please. The men of rank fasten up their hair with a number of golden combs.

Cingalese women wear bangles and golden hair pins, beside other jewels, whilst the men fasten their locks with combs. The females of one Tartar tribe decorate their heads by suspending a glutton's tail along with their own plaits, and attaching to these numbers of jingling brass rings. Abyssinian ladies paint a blue line over the eyebrows, and stain cheeks, and hands, and feet red. Cranes' feathers and cows' tails are the favorite ornaments of the lady Zulus and Caffres in Africa.

Grains of Gold.

An honest man generally thinks justly.

There is no such thing as failure till a man gives up.

The smallest act of charity shall stand us in great stead.

One virtue without another is either none at all or imperfect.

Never yet have we regretted parting with money given in charity.

Use every man after his desert, and who should escape whipping.

After you cursed a person or thing what then? None but yourself is injured.

It takes longer for a man to find out man than any other creature that is made.

Though familiarity may not breed contempt, it takes off the edge of admiration.

Whoever makes home seem to the young dearer and more happy is a public benefactor.

If every one had to carry the toil of his own mistakes, how tired some persons would be.

Take heed that you be not chargeable yourself with the fault that you reprove in others.

People, unless sick, come out of doors; so graces, if healthy, manifest themselves in the life.

Fanaticism is the child of false zeal and of superstition, the father of intolerance and of persecution.

When you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity, unless you deny yourself something in order that you may give.

Many people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it, and others do just the same with their time.

Femininities.

Lips, however rosy, must be fed.

Never ask a lady why her back hair does not match the front.

Machinery will do almost anything, and what machinery can't do a woman with a hairpin can.

Whisky can be made from weeds. It produces weeds, too—for innocent wives and children.

True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable.

Old ale is excellent to wash any gilding with. It acts at once on fly-specks. Apply with a soft rag.

A man cannot attempt to find out what is in a woman's heart without a certain disturbance of his own.

Beauty deceives women in making them establish on an ephemeral power the pretensions of a whole life.

The rule for gracefulness is in one word—nature. Whatever is done in an unaffected manner is done well.

Let no one ever interfere between your husband and yourself, and avoid, if possible, having relations to live with you.

A doctor says: "Onions are about the best nerve remedy known." It requires a great deal of nerve for a girl in society to eat them.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labor under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favor.

To produce a good gloss on linen, pour a pint of boiling water upon two ounces of gum-arabic; cover it and let it stand over night. A teaspoonful of this is added to the starch.

Mrs. Mackay denies the story to the effect that she has sent two expert marksmen to New Guinea to kill 5000 little green birds for the purpose of making a cloak out of their feathers.

Many ladies have the habit when sewing of biting off threads instead of cutting them with a scissors. For either natural or artificial teeth this is bad, and soon necessitates repairs.

Away with superstition. A Michigan girl has found 2125 four-leaf clovers and isn't married yet. An Omaha girl who found out how to make pumpkin pie was married in three months.

A young lady in New York who was in attendance at whist, has broken off her engagement with her lover because he recommended her to "scoop up her mind in a peanut shell and fix it on the game."

The courage of man passeth all understanding. The Michigan maiden who chased a robber with a pitchfork and made him drop his booty is said to be receiving an average of 13 offers of marriage per week.

Bachelor to Benedict: "You believe in luck, don't you?" Benedict: "Not much." Bachelor: "Why, my dear fellow, you surprise me! You used to believe in it firmly." Benedict: "That was before I got married, my boy."

A lady had just lost her husband, and she was surrounded by friends who were trying all they knew how to console her. "Alas!" she exclaimed, bursting into a fresh torrent of tears, "if I were only pretty it would not be so bad."

"Where are the children?" inquired a husband and father, as he came into the house. "They were so noisy," replied his wife, "that I sent them out with the nurse. Our sweet little poodle, Fido, had just gone to sleep, and I didn't want the dear little fellow disturbed."

It is a great deal easier to make suggestions than to follow them; but it seems to us that the "golden rule" for housekeepers might be this: "If anything goes wrong for which there is a remedy, apply it as soon as possible; if there is absolutely no remedy do not fret, but make the best of it."

Mrs. Waldo, of Boston, who is entertaining young Mr. Wabash, of Chicago: "I have a treat for you to-day, Mr. Wabash, in the way of some broiled bivalves. My husband is very fond of them." Young Mr. Wabash, trying one: "They are certainly delicious, Mrs. Waldo. They taste something like oysters."

Husband of literary woman: "How are you coming on with your magazine article?" Literary woman: "I've got it almost finished." "What is it about?" "It denounces the extravagance in dress of our modern women." "What are you going to do with the money you get from it?" "I'm saving up to buy me a sealskin sacque."

Omaha girl: "Oh, shopping in Paris is such fun. I never laughed so much in all my life." Friend: "Why, what made it so enjoyable?" "Hearing the French shopkeepers trying to talk English." "Oh!" "Yes; and the queer part of it is they seemed to realize the ridiculousness of their blunders just as much as we did; they laughed themselves almost into fits over them. Wasn't it very strange?" "Did you talk English?" "No, indeed; I talked French."

"I believe that often it is not the work that makes us feel so thoroughly weary at the end of the week as worrying over it. I remember of fretting a good deal over some Thanksgiving pies, complaining that I always spoiled them by putting in too much of one thing or another, when my sister quietly remarked that perhaps I put too much anxiety into them. I saw the point, and resolved henceforth to do the best I could with my cooking, and to worry less over results. Of course I had afterwards better success, and far more peace of mind."

A French lieutenant of hussars left the army to marry a girl who was too poor to bring him the dowry a woman has to have to marry a French officer. He went to work for $30 a month; his wife fell ill, he ran into debt, and finally couldn't get anybody to trust him for milk, which was the only thing that would keep his wife alive. So he stole some milk, got caught at it, and although when arraigned the magistrate let him go, his wife was just dying when he again got to her bedside. He waited for her last sigh, and then lay down by her side and blew out his brains.

Masculinities.

Man proposes, the girl disposes.

"Orchard tea" is what cider is called in Connecticut.

It is said that men hair-dressers are being fast supplanted by women.

Some people are so sensitive that they seem to have corns all over them.

The man who has lived for himself has the privilege of being his own mourner.

Whenever you see a red-headed dude there is apt to be a white donkey in sight.

Women are the best detectors of counterfeits—when the counterfeits are not men.

All great men are attentive listeners. Many of them acquire the habit from being married.

American girls who go to Europe for husbands generally return home for their divorces.

Some men would think they were cheated if they had the mumps lighter than their neighbor.

If the receiver is as bad as the thief, what's the use of having one appointed for a busted bank.

Scientists say that the stature of man is increasing at the rate of one inch in one thousand years.

You can't always judge by appearances. The man who wears a diamond pin may be really wealthy.

The most successful business men have been found among those who duly estimated the importance of small things.

There is both warning and encouragement in the saw, "A man, as he manages himself, may die old at 30 or young at 80."

Man, without the protection of a superior being, is secure of nothing that he enjoys, and uncertain of everything that he hopes for.

Don't fail, as host, to follow a departing visitor to the hall door. You are responsible for the hats and umbrellas of the callers who remain.

Miss Cronger: "I'm sure, dear, she talked scandal the whole time she stayed!" Miss Lovelock: "Not to herself, dear, I presume?"

Er 'oman dat hab married er po' man 'cause she lubed him, is mighty ap' ter want her daughter to marry a rich man, no matter whuther she lubs him or not.

There is a popular impression to the effect that a woman cannot keep a secret. Yet, who ever heard a woman say that her new black silk was partly made up of the old one?

Wife, one day after marriage: "No, dear, don't give me any money; I might lose it." Same wife, one year after marriage: "I took $20 from your pocket-book last night, John."

A model husband died recently at Cornish, New Hampshire. He had been married 63 years, and never spent a night away from home in all that time. He was paralyzed.

A young man doesn't weigh any more than usual when he has on his first silk hat, and probably doesn't look any larger to strangers, but he always feels his responsibility nevertheless.

"Never contract a friendship with a man who is not better than yourself," says one of those gratis advice writers. That's all very well, as far as you are concerned, but how about the other fellow?

An Illinois tramp told a farmer's wife she ought to feed him because she "might be entertaining an angel unawares." As this argument had no effect, he went out and set fire to the barn.

M. Grevy, president of the French Republic, enjoys smoking a pipe, and does so whenever he can without offending decorum. He is a man of very simple habits, and rises and retires at an early hour.

Subtract from a great man all that he owes to opportunity and all that he owes to chance, all that he has gained by the wisdom of his friends and by the folly of his enemies, and our Brobdignag will often become a Lilliputian.

Husbands are a bother, of course, and they haven't any appreciation of millinery or darned lace, but they come in mighty handy sometimes when there's a picture to be hung, or a fiery, untamed mouse running wild in the pantry.

A well known young man about town descended upon an office recently and tried to borrow an umbrella. The man who lent it evidently knew the borrower, for he kissed the umbrella four times and embraced it hard enough to spring its ribs.

The old Greeks said that a man had two ears and one mouth that he might hear twice and speak once, and there is a great deal of good sense in it. You will find that, if you simply hold your peace, you will pass over nine out of ten of the provocations of life.

The son of a well-known Louisville physician went to California and engaged in the tombstone business. In a letter to his father he writes: "There are but four physicians here and I think you would do well in San Jose. I know that with you nearer to me I would be more encouraged in my effort to build up a paying business."

Here is a bit of conscious rustic wit. John Nann had been sent by his shrewish wife to market to sell a pig. On the way he got drunk; the pig strayed and never turned up again. A few weeks afterwards John was asked if he had "heard anything of the pig yet?" "'Eard of 'im?" he said; "'eard of 'im? Oh, ay, I 'ears of 'im most every day!"

The engineers of a heavy double header train saw a child on the track near the village of Rock Glen, N. Y. They whistled for brakes, and when the train was almost upon the child one of the engineers leaped from his locomotive and, running ahead, caught the infant from the track. As a reward, the mother has recorded the engineer's name in the family Bible.

Recent Book Issues.

A Grammar—the first in America—of the New Universal Language, "Volapuk," will be published shortly, by K. A. Linderfelt, Librarian of the Milwaukee Public Library, and will be sold by C. N. Caspar, Bookseller, Milwaukee, Wis. Price, 75 cents.

The Elsie books, by Martha Finley, are justly great favorites with young readers. The latest one, "Elsie's Friends at Woodburn," is quite as absorbing as its predecessors. Published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price, $1.25.

"The Interstate Monthlies"—Primary, Intermediate and Grammar—are about the finest models, in reading, for schools of their respective classes, that we could recommend. The matter and pictures of each are always of the freshest, purest and most entertaining. Publication office, No. 30 Franklin street, Boston, Mass.

"Ismay's Children," a novel, by the author of "Hogan, M. P.," "The Hon. Miss Ferrard," etc., has been published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. It is an uncommonly fine story, with a well constructed and powerful plot, and an interest that steadily increases to the end. The story deals with contemporary Irish life with vivid force and picturesqueness. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

"The Duchess," by "The Duchess," appears in Lippincott's Select Novels, who are issuing excellent editions of the best novels in this handy form, and printed in clear type. Of the book under notice, we may say it is one of the most spirited of its author's works, and probably the finest of the many fine stories that have emanated from her pen.

"Country Luck" is a story by John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies" and other popular books. This new one also deserves popularity, but perhaps on different grounds. It is made up of scenes from contrasting city and country life, feelings and characters, entertainingly and skilfully mingled with a neat love story, that goes on charmingly and ends happily. Published in neat bound form by Lippincott & Co. Price, $1.

The new volume in Ticknor's Paper Series is "Aunt Serena," by Blanche Willis Howard, author of "Guenn" and "One Summer." It is a charming and healthful story of American colony life and society, in a South-German city, full of bright and piquant situations. The dialogue is sparkling and vivacious, the characters clearly drawn, the incidents natural, and the interest well sustained. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston, Mass.

There is no dearth of books for boys published, but as there is always room near or on the top for the better kind, a place will certainly be found for "Jack Hall; or the School-days of an American Boy," by Robert Grant. Its greatest charm is that it is natural, and makes its hero not only a possibility, but an actuality. And with this, though it does not shoot its moral into one with every page, it is full of good lessons for the young. Jordan, Marsh & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

"Drum Beat of the Nation" is an attempt to give the series of events that from past centuries tended to creating the War of the Rebellion, and a sketch of the first two years of the war itself. Its author is C. C. Coffin, a former newspaper correspondent. Naturally, trusting to his own impressions rather than to facts as recorded officially by others, he makes neither a story nor a history. A word of praise must be given some of its many portraits and pictures, together with its printing and binding. Harper & Brothers, publishers, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Stories of the Magicians" is a somewhat misleading and poor title for a most excellent book. It is given to one of the latest publications of Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, that contains in prose form the substance of two of the greatest poems of the eminent bard, Southey, "The Curse of Kehama," "Thalaba and the Magicians of Dondaniel," and an adaptation of "The Story of Rustem," from the Persian. These three tales are classics of the highest possible interest and literary value. The author, Rev. Alfred J. Church, has performed a meritorious task in presenting them in this shape to the reading public. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price, $1.50.

In many respects a novel and valuable publication is "Negro Troops in the Rebellion 1861-1865," by G. W. Williams, L. L. D., author of "The History of "The Colored Race in America." The author is himself a negro and a soldier of experience. He traces the part the negro has taken as a soldier in the world from ancient Egypt down to to-day. He evidently has tried to do his work faithfully, and he has made a fair showing. Such a subject could not well be without interest, and whether regarded as reading for literary pastime, or historical reference, the book has much to commend it. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

A book that will prove delightful and instructive to both soldier and civilian, is "Horse, Foot and Dragoons," by R. T. Zugbaum, U. S. A. It embraces sketches of army life at home and abroad, including France, England, Germany and our own land. The soldier's life is told with the most sparkling detail and fidelity to truth. Along with the splendid word-pictures, however, are some hundred fine illustrations—all by the author—that light up the text like diamonds. Indeed, nothing that could make the work unique, the treatment of the subject, the pictures, vignettes, printing, paper and binding, has been omitted. Published by Harper & Co., New York. For sale by Messrs. Porter & Coates.

"Run Away from the Dutch; or Borneo from South to North," is a pre-holiday book that will be found good reading for young and old alike. Very little, comparatively, is known of life on this vast island in the South Pacific, and such a book will greatly help to make this otherwise. The narrative, which is founded on fact, relates the career of a couple of soldiers, who, deserting from the military service of the Dutch—who own the greater part of the island of Borneo—meet with the most strange, surprising and thrilling adventures in making their escape. The various incidents, scenes, etc., are copiously illustrated with full-page pictures, and lastly, the volume is gotten up in grand style as to printing, paper, binding, gilt embossing, etc. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price, $2.25.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Our Little Ones begins a new volume with a brilliant number for November. Artists and authors have contributed their best work, which is set in first-class typography. Terms $1.50 a year. The Russell Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

The November issue of the *Eclectic* offers an attractive table of contents. Among the valuable papers are "Realism and Idealism," the story of Zebehr Pasha, "Invention and Imagination," "The Present State of the Novel," "Australian Literature," "The Creatures we Breathe," and "A Fossil Continent." There is a good article on "Count Tolstoi," the Russian novelist. There are also several lighter articles of the number, including fiction, poetry, etc. E. R. Pelton, publisher, 25 Bond street, New York.

The November *Cassell's Family Magazine*, in the way of general interest, is a notable number. The serials grow more and more absorbing, and there are some bright short stories. "Thoughts About Women" is interesting. The "Family Doctor" has a paper marked by sound sense on "A Healthy Nursery." The London and Paris fashion letters give useful hints about dress. There is some good poetry, and for the practical the useful "Gatherer" will be found replete with information. The number is rich in pictorial illustrations. Cassell & Company, New York.

Louisa M. Alcott contributes one of her charming stories, entitled "Pansies," in the first (November) number of the new volume of *St. Nicholas*. It is followed by a bewildering array of short stories, entertaining sketches and bright jingles and verses, among which are "How Marie obtained Miss Alcott's Autograph," "Time and Tommy," "Little Matti of Finland," with many clever silhouette illustrations; "Buck and Old Billy," "A Spanish Tale," "A Peasant Painter—Jules Bastien-Lepage," with many beautiful examples of his art. Among many other contributions are "Elephants at Work," "The Girl of the Virginia Forests," and "The Last Chance of Life," a characteristic episode in the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. The Century Co., New York.

The *American Magazine* for November has a cover with a new and handsome design. Dr. C. D. Hendrickson describes the ascent of Mount Tacoma, next to Mount Elias, the highest peak in the United States. The paper is interesting and finely illustrated. Another instalment of "Olivia Delaplaine is given. Other illustrated articles are "The Enterprise and the Boxer," "Paul Hayne and His Party," "The G. A. R.," by Gen. Fairchild; "Cyclopia," and "The Saunterer." The various departments are full of excellent reading. Published by the American Magazine Co., No. 749 Broadway, New York.

The Etiquette of the Light.—There is a fashion even in so small a thing as lighting a cigarette. In Cuba it is customary among gentlemen for one to place a cigarette between his lips, light it, take a few puffs, and then hand it to his friend. In Spain the same fashion prevails. An Austrian is very punctilious about the etiquette of cigar lighting. He lights his cigarette first and then hands the lighted match to his companion. The idea is that it is more courteous to allow a comrade the greater length of time. If he is handed the match first, he naturally hurries in order to hand it back again. A Frenchman always hands his companion the match first. An Englishman proffers the cigarette to his friend, lights a match, hands it to him, and then helps himself to another cigarette and match. An American usually hands his friend a lighted match and takes a light from his cigarette afterward. The small boy gets a light wherever he can, generally from some passer-by on the street. The habit of stopping men to ask for a light is looked upon as ill bred in all countries. In no country is it tolerated to such an extent as in the United States.

Old Gentleman.—"Here, you are a regular fraud! My hair's coming out as fast as ever. This stuff isn't worth a cent. Barber.—"I didn't promise that it would keep your hair from coming out, sir. I said it would preserve your scalp, sir. Your scalp's all there, isn't it, sir?"

Salvation Oil is guaranteed to effect a cure in all rheumatic and neuralgic affections.

Chinese eat rice off sharp-pointed sticks, but take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup naturally.

CROWNING A QUEEN.

On the 28th of June, 1838, the Queen of England was crowned in Westminster Abbey, London. In the centre of the Abbey there had been erected a platform, ascended by four steps, covered with claret-colored drapery, on which were placed the chair of state, a litany chair with faldstool, and the throne or coronation chair, the well-known wooden chair preserved in King Edward's Chapel, with the Stone of Scone under the seat.

The Queen ascended the platform and took her seat on the chair of state, the bishops standing on either side; the noblemen bearing the swords of state took up their position on the right hand, the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Lord High Constable on the left, the noblemen bearing the regalia standing near, the train-bearers being behind the throne.

Upon the conclusion of an anthem the Archbishop of Canterbury, together with the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal, advanced to the east end of the platform, where the Archbishop made the recognition in the following words:

"Sirs—I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of the realm; wherefore, all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?"

These words were repeated at the north, west, and south sides, during which Her Majesty remained standing by her chair, and turned towards the people in each direction at which the recognition was made, the people replying—

"God save Queen Victoria!"

And when the ceremony was concluded, the trumpets sounded and the drums beat. The Archbishop then proceeded to the altar and stood at the north side.

The Queen, attended by those already mentioned, approached the communion rails, and kneeling, made her first offering of an altar-cloth of gold, which was placed on the altar, followed by an offering of an ingot of gold of one pound weight, which was placed on the oblation basin.

After a short prayer Her Majesty arose, and, attended as before, went to the chair of state. The regalia were then placed on the altar, and the Litany proceeded with. At the conclusion of the Litany, the Sanctus was sung, after which the Archbishop began the Communion Service, the Bishop of Rochester reading the Epistle, and the Bishop of Carlisle the Gospel.

The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, who took for his text 2 Chronicles xxxiv. 31. The sermon being concluded, the Archbishop advanced and ministered the questions to the sovereign prescribed by the service.

These being answered, Her Majesty went to the altar, where kneeling at the rails, and laying her right hand on a copy of the Gospels, she took the Coronation Oath, kissed the book, and set her sign-manual to a copy of the oath. The Queen then returned to the chair, and a hymn was sung by the choir. At the conclusion of the hymn, the Archbishop read the prayer, "O Lord, Holy Father, who by anointing with oil didst of old make and consecrate kings, priests, and prophets," etc. Then the choir sang the anthem, "Zadok the Priest and Nathan the Prophet," at the commencement of which the Queen rose from the chair, and advancing to the altar, laid aside her crimson robe, and proceeded to and sat down on the throne or St. Edward's Chair, where the ceremony of anointing was performed.

Four Knights of the Garter held over the Queen's head a rich pall of cloth of gold; the Dean of Westminster poured some of the consecrated oil from the "ampulla" into the anointing spoon with which the Archbishop anointed Her Majesty on the head and hands in the form of a cross, pronouncing the words, "Be thou anointed," etc. The Archbishop then read the next of the appointed prayers, after which the Queen resumed her seat in St. Edward's Chair.

The Archbishop, then standing before the altar, took up St. Edward's Crown, and blessing it with the prescribed prayer, advanced, attended by the dignitaries, and placed it on Her Majesty's head.

The people shouted "God save the Queen!" and immediately the peers and peeresses present put on their coronets, the bishops their caps, and the kings of arms their crowns; the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the Tower and Park guns were fired.

The Archbishop then presented the Holy Bible, and pronounced the benediction. After a short exhortation from the Archbishop, the Queen returned the sceptres to the two noblemen from whom she had received them, and then the ceremony called the Homage began.

The Archbishop knelt before the Queen, accompanied by the other prelates, and said the words of homage, the others repeating the same after him. The Archbishop and the Lords Spiritual then kissed Her Majesty's hand and retired.

The Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge ascended the steps of the throne, and taking off their coronets, repeated the words of homage, then severally touched the crown and kissed Her Majesty's left cheek. The Dukes and other peers thereupon performed their homage, the senior of each degree pronouncing the words, and the rest of each degree saying after him; and each peer of the same degree successively touching Her Majesty's hand and then retiring. During this ceremony, the choir sang the anthem, "This is the Day the Lord hath made, etc.," and the Treasurer threw about the medals of the coronation.

The patina and chalice with the bread and wine were now placed on the altar, and the Queen laying aside the crown, made her second offering of a purse of gold. The holy communion was then celebrated, all the officiating clergy and Her Majesty partaking of the elements. During the conclusion of the service, Her Majesty remained seated on the throne, wearing her crown and holding the two sceptres. When the benediction was pronounced, marking the conclusion of the religious service, Her Majesty, attended as usual, repaired to St. Edward's Chapel, and laying aside the scarlet coronation robe, was arryed in the robe of purple velvet, and received the orb from the Archbishop. In the meantime the procession was being re-formed. Everything being ready, Her Majesty proceeded to the door by which she had entered, wearing her crown, and bearing in her right hand the royal sceptre, and in her left the orb. This was the end.

How's Business?—A contemporary perpetrates the following: "To the question, 'How's business?' the tailor answers, sew, sew; the acrobat, jumping; the yachtsman, booming; the distiller, still; the baker, rising; the writing master, flourishing; the magistrate, fine; the hotel-keeper, flat; the plumber, piping; the gardener, springing up; the furniture remover, on the move; the clergyman whose church is in debt, fair; the shoemaker, awl right, with an upper tendency; the rag gatherer, picking up; the bod carrier and the lift boy, now up and now down; the undertaker, run into the ground; the doctor, recovering; the cobbler, on the mend; the astronomer, looking up; the lobster catcher, gone to pot; the cooper, (w)hooping; the aronaut, going up; the diver, going down."

The Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States now wear plain black robes. In the beginning of the century the robes had a scarlet facing, because once Chief Justice John Jay borrowed the robe of the Chancellor of New York, which was so faced, and all the other Justices followed the style. In 1806, however, some one asserted that the red trimming was too English, and it was discarded, and the plain black has been used ever since.

Make good use of to-day; you are not sure of to-morrow.

MEN WHO WIN.

Five Hundred Dollars Thrown Away--His Aim Was Success.

A good healthy body is almost sure to be found associated with a good conscience.

A close student of human nature is rarely willing to place large matters of trust in the hands of another, until he has seen the one whom he is to trust. He looks for the fresh health and vigor, the honest, frank countenance and manly form, and in fact all that is attractive in men. He doubts the dyspeptic with sallow skin, drawn out features, the evident weak and irritable nature. He feels as Shakespeare makes Julius Cæsar say:

"Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek headed men, and such as sleep o'nights:
You Cassius hath a lean and hungry look:
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous!"

He does not doubt the honesty of the poor unfortunate, but he fears disease of the body will affect the mind, bring misfortune upon the individual, and loss to himself.

It may be injustice to the weak, but if the man has not the mental strength, or if he is wrapped up in his misery, he cannot take in the situation of the world, does not see that ideas are broadening, and that isms and teachings are advancing! How can an employer hope for success from such a man? The dyspeptic look, the wax-like complexion and sallow features show diseases. The far-seeing man notes all these signs, and knows that the great light of man, the brain, is affected, or will be, at no distant day.

He discards the poor victim of disease who goes wearily out into the world. Discouraged at last he takes to his sick bed. He seeks medical aid. Lacking the broad ideas of the successful men of the world, he tries the same medical treatment that he has tried many times before. The same bigoted counsel is sought, the same drugs are administered by the same old family friend that treated him months and years before, and his parents before him, and in such a way he drags out his miserable, unsuccessful existence.

Is he to blame? Why not? When he daily, and hears from every side, proclamations of a remedy known as Warner's safe cure, which is becoming more popular daily, hourly, while he is becoming weaker.

J. A. Gettys, insurance agent of Chillicothe, Ohio, suffered for nearly three years with dyspepsia in its worst forms, having periodical spells of vertigo, fainting and chills. He wrote over his own signature: "I spent about 500, had the best medical attendance, tried all the remedies recommended without success, until I was induced to try Warner's safe cure. I used three bottles, have gained twenty pounds and feel like a new man."

Such a man as we have described, nine times out of ten, unconsciously to himself or to his physician, has a kidney disorder, which is fast wasting his body and life. He sees the merits of Warner's safe cure at every turn, and hears it proclaimed from the house tops, and yet he does not use it, because it is said by his illiberal physician that it is not professional, and not admitted by the code. Meanwhile the man of the world presses forward, cares not a fig for this or that school; his aim in life is success, and he looks hopefully forward to the world beyond, believing and trusting in man in this world, and to his faith for the world beyond.

Humorous.

THE MODERN SPIRIT.

"Drink—and the world drinks with you;
Go thirsty, you thirst alone!"
And every friend with a dollar to spend
Has most impecunious grown.

Flirt—and all women flirt with you;
Love, and you're left in the cold;
And the one that did seem the delight of your dream,
Turns brazen and brutal and bold.

Sin—and the crowd sins with you;
Repent—they laugh and they jeer!
E'en if soda you drink, they complacently think
You've been toying with whisky or beer.

Live—and (if wealthy) all love you;
Die—and you die forgot!
And your best girl will spoon with your enemy soon,
Right over your burial spot.

Always seedy—The fig.

A lasting document—An iron will.

How a drowning man invariably feels—Wet.

Probably of all sensational developments boils are the worst.

What is the difference between a fisherman and a lazy schoolboy?—One baits his hook, and the other hates his book.

Brown to Blade: "Hello, Blade; glad to see you! I'm in a great hurry; you just wait a minute, and I'll be back in a quarter of an hour!"

A sure cure for rheumatism in the leg: Put the limb through the window and the pane will be gone.

"What is more lovely than a peaceful grandmother?" asks an exchange. Why, her granddaughter.

An Illinois farmer has made a cheese in the shape of a man. It is said to look like a thing of life—and very likely it is.

After an argument between them the man is generally silenced, but not convinced; the woman is often convinced, but rarely silenced.

"It seems to me," mosned Algernon, as he flew towards the front gate, with the old man close behind him, "that there are more than three feet in a yard."

Says an agricultural exchange: "Corn on the ear shrinks about 40 per cent." By all means then, cultivate corns on the ear. They never shrink when grown on the foot.

"Are you and George related? I see your names are similar." "Yes, distantly related." "How distantly?" "Well, he is the youngest of 10 children, of whom I am the oldest."

A farmer said: "One thing I don't like about city folks—they be either so stuck up that yer can't reach 'em with a pole, or so blamed friendly that they forget to pay their board."

"That is a rather shabby pair of trousers you have on for a man in your position." "Yes, sir; but clothes do not make the man. What if my trousers are shabby and worn? They cover a warm heart, sir."

Advice of an old cab-driver to his successor: "Always know the train that your passenger wishes to take, and reach the station at the very last moment, so that he cannot dispute with you, whatever fare you ask."

For bachelors: "When does a man become a seamstress?" "When he hems and haws." "No." "When he threads his way." "No." "When he rips and tears." "No." "Give it up." "Never, if he can help it."

"No, Charles, I do not approve of your breaking off the engagement. You will no doubt think more of Miss Goldust after you are married." Charles: "I can't do it. The more I think of her, the less I think of her."

Uncle Rastus, to lawyer: "Kin I get or man 'rested fo' 'eusin' me ob bein' or thief, sah?" Lawyer: "Well, yes, Uncle Rastus; to call a man a thief may be libelous. Who was the man?" Uncle Rastus: "Bit wah de man dat I done stole de ham from, sah."

"What makes you think our new boarder is a married man?" asked a boarding-house mistress of one of her servants. "Because," replied the girl, "I noticed that when he came home early the other morning he removed his shoes before going upstairs."

An exchange speaks of a young man who was hurt in the "locomotive works." This is a portion of the human anatomy that is not often mentioned. We have heard of a young lady being kissed on the porch, but to be hurt in the locomotive works is new, to say the least.

A boy can imagine almost anything. He can lug an old shotgun about all day without firing at a living thing, and be under the impression that he is having a good time; but all attempts to induce a boy to imagine that he is killing Indians when he is sawing wood have proved futile.

"I was almost upset by a little incident that occurred in my store the other day," said a retail dealer in mourning goods. "A lady whom I know very well began a close examination of my stock. Her face was pale and her eyes were swollen with weeping. 'Your husband isn't dead?' I sympathetically asked. 'No, but he's very sick,' was the reply; 'and I merely wanted to know what are the latest things in your line.'"

One day a teacher told her scholars that it was wrong to chew tobacco, when a small boy, with quite an important air, replied that he had seen a fellow chew because his teeth ached, and stoutly asserted that it was not wrong for any one to chew tobacco if his teeth ached. This seemed to please the scholars very much, and the teacher was at first sorely puzzled to know how to answer this stunning argument. At last she said to the boy: "Horace, if a girl should have the toothache and want to chew tobacco, what would you do?" Horace scratched his head and then said resolutely: "She ought to have it pulled."

The pastor of a colored church in Bradford, Pa., complains that he gets only $372 salary, that there are no perquisities, and that upon the occasion of the only marriage in his church within a year, the presiding elder did the job and pocketed the fee.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

OUR LADY FRIENDS will be interested in knowing that by sending 20c. to pay postage, and 15 top covers of Warner's Safe Yeast (showing that they have used at least 15 packages) to H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., they can get a 500 page, finely illustrated COOK BOOK, *free*. Such a book, bound in cloth, could not be bought for less than a dollar. It is a wonderfully good chance to get a fine book for the mere postage and the ladies should act promptly.

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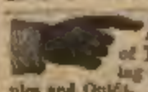

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The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The ribbons of the season are really beautiful. They are greatly like the ribbons of our great-grandmothers. There are short velvets with satin backs, in peach and gold and peach and mousse.

The chameleon ribbons are still more exquisite; instead of having the two colors mixed in the weaving, they are dyed in two tints, one above the other, in such a way that both show. This is best seen in brown and gold shades blended, and grays and reds. The widths most in use are those four and five inches wide.

Watered ribbon with stripes of satin and plush is used to some extent, while some show a brocaded pattern. The old straight satin edge is again used, also a dice pattern on one edge only.

A new fabric used this year is velvet worked all over with self-colored silks in the sort of embroidery called Madeira. It is very open. Felt is treated the same way, only gold thread is used instead of silk, spangles being often used with it.

Pinked out cloth, set row upon row, and worked with gold, is the foundation of some of the bonnets. The new feather of the year is vulture, dyed in all tones, but is very costly.

Bonnets are in all shapes and sizes. Some are of cloth and many are completely covered with feathers. One model was composed of cock and Impian feathers, with a pointed crown, a plaited brim, trimmed with jet, and turning upward, a cluster of birds' wings at the side.

One of chameleon velvet was richly embroidered with a mixture of copper and green, the feather tips in the same combination. It had three rows of copper passementerie between the crown and brim, and inside was a thick rouleau knotted in the centre above the face.

A lovely mousse velvet was trimmed with black lace and large jet star ornaments, which formed a pleasing contrast; a rouleau of light, greenish-yellow satin and a lace plaiting standing up over the face, intermixed with some of the stiff tail feathers of the parrot. The brim was edged with jet cable, and the velvet, so laid on the shape that it fitted the brim in front and at the back, was caught in one careless fold on the crown.

A beige-colored bonnet was composed entirely of row upon row of narrow cloth embroidered in gold, the crown of dark brown velvet, and a bow of the same in front, intermixed with undressed vulture feathers.

A new and fashionable shape in Paris is known as the Boulanger. It has a full velvet crown and two large birds at the side, blended with ribbon bows.

In some of the bonnets the trimming seems to be all in the back, as in the case of a dark green cloth. It had a dark green cock's plume standing straight up above the back of the crown.

Velvet plays an important part, not only in dresses, but in millinery, and many of the fancy bonnets and hats have pointed velvet crowns. The shape of the crown is most varied. Some are are arched like a church window, some sunk, some a mere oblong. Some straws are interplaited with cloth, while some have bias folds of velvet alternating with the rows of straw and radiating from the centre.

Nothing would seem to be too fanciful for either hats or bonnets. Many have helmet crowns with the straw arranged longitudinally on either side. Some are made with beaded braids around the crown and fronts, and are very inexpensive.

Dresses are often pinked, and bonnets are made to match them, with close-set rows of narrow pinked-out cloth all over, the brim bordered with a frilling of the same.

Felt hats and felt bonnets are largely worn, also beavers. Some of the felts have beaver brims; others are beaver all over. One curious new hat is a reproduction of a field-marshal's hat, with round crown and a tuft of bows of ribbon on one side.

Many of the felts are laced all around in perpendicular lines from the top, the lacings often differing in tones at the foundation.

There is an immensely increased variety in tweeds. The Irvine tweed is an imitation of coating, and has a mixed, prominent and decided stripe, biscuit blended with peacock, red with blue, brown with Gobeline. Sometimes silk mixes with the color, as in cheviots. Cochnatus displays a check with a shadow line beside it, which gives it more prominence.

A sailor tweed made in fine wool with a chevron weaving and a fine thread stripe an inch apart, will look well to the end; and a very large number of the autumn dresses are being made of it.

The groseille mixtures are in favor, and the grays and whites are fashionable even as much out of as in mourning. Algerian tweeds owe their name to admixtures of brilliant coloring introduced into the stripes—red, blue, gray, gold and biscuit being perhaps one of the best combinations, in very broad stripes, intended to be made up with plain; or Gobeline-brown and golden-red. No one can go very far wrong in choosing a tweed.

There are a few simple brocades introduced on ordinary woolens, small leaf patterns on Biarritz cloth, and small brocades between stripes on others. But the chevron weaving applied to everything is a more distinctive feature; even the cheviots show it between stripes of contrasting color.

Fancy velvets are being largely used with all the woolen stuffs, as waistcoats, panels, revers, etc. They display stripes and squares and plush spots, and Gothic patterns in frise and plain velvet, two or three colors intermixed.

Some new woolens have a marbled appearance, and at a first glance would seem to be shot, *changeant*—as the French call it—a dominant idea in many departments.

Skirts are still draped up a good deal; but for the autumn and winter we are assured the long plaited skirt will come into fashion again.

Even now plaid skirts are to be seen in fancy woolen and as well as thick silk tissues. The skirt is plaited in hollow plaits, and forms a square train of moderate length behind; in front it is trimmed with embroidered or with very narrow flounces, and panels or tabs of a different color are generally placed on each side, between the train and front, or the skirt opens in front, to show a tablier of a different material. This is also a fashionable style. We shall certainly see trains come in again for dressy indoor toilets, though at present skirts are still mostly cut round.

As black dresses are indispensable at all seasons, every lady should have at least two of these in her wardrobe. A plain woolen suit of stamine or veiling very little trimmed, but perfect in cut, is most serviceable for many occasions. It may have a panel of brocaded silk, a plaited or worsted embroidery down the side.

Another style of trimming consists of embroidered or beaded galloon placed in wheel trimming on the border of the tunique and plastron.

Dressy black toilets are of a fine quality of foulard, of satin merveilleux and of silk guipure on a silk lining. This guipure is much more durable than imitation Chantilly or Lyons laces. It is draped under jet ornaments. The waist is half open over a black or white guipure.

Grenadine dresses in openwork are also very elegant. They have waists which are shirred or gathered on the breast and shoulders, and pointed in front. For very slight figures the waist may be belted in under a sash tied on one side.

At a fashionable wedding recently the bride was attired in a toilet a la Marguerite made of white satin, white moire and duchess lace. The Gretchen bodice opened broadly over a guimpe of cream-white crepe lisse, and the veil was made of the same airy fabric finished with a deep hem. Her ornaments were diamonds and pearls. The five bridesmaids wore gowns of pink and white or green and white striped satin and silk, and the wide satin stripe brocaded with pink or yellow roses half blown.

The bodices were pointed and open, the sleeves elbow length, with fichus crossed over the chest, made of real Valenciennes lace, the designs painted in delicate tints. They each carried gilded wicker baskets filled with pink and yellow roses, maidenhair fern and white elder blossoms.

One of the elegant toilets worn was of mauve satin, brocaded with pink velvet roses and dark green velvet leaves. This dress was made up in combination with pink satin de Lyon the shade of the roses. The Josephine corsage was trimmed about the open neck with coquilles of point lace.

Odds and Ends.

SOME NEW FANCY WORK.

[Concluded.]

Raised embroidery is novel and effective, but, of course, needs great neatness and patience. It is suitable for ornamenting plush cushion covers and screens. Figures are the most satisfactory, especially those in the Watteau style. The design is traced on the material and covered with cotton wool first to raise it. Care must be taken to divide the portions of the figure neatly. For instance, a round mass of wool must be laid down separately from the body to form the face. All this stuffed portion must be covered with satin of appropriate color to suit the various portions of the dress. The satin must be put into pleats for the skirts of dresses, and wherever necessary. The faces are made of pink sticking plaster, the features are drawn with ink. The hair has to be worked with large, loose French knots with either black or brown wool or filoselle. Sometimes it is an improvement to dust some sachet powder on the wadding before it is covered with the satin. A cord must edge the satin after the rest of the figure is done, to make it all neat and tidy. Another way to do this work is to trace out the outlines of the figures on cardboard, and then to cut them out. The wadding is gummed in place on the cardboard, and the satin is brought over to the wrong side of the cardboard. When all is covered the stuffed figures are sewn down to the plush foundations, and then outlined with cord as a finish.

The embroidered lace that was so popular a season or two ago, appears likely to be in favor for some time yet, but is carried out in rather a different manner. The sprays, scrolls, or pines that form the design of the lace are embroidered in the usual manner, then are cut out and appliqued to satin. This work is well adapted for use on dessert d'oyleys, which must be edged with a pretty, narrow gold fringe.

Apropos of dessert d'oyleys, a pretty and novel way of making these is to applique colored muslin on white thus: Trace out a good pattern (one intended for braiding may do for the purpose) on stiff glazed cambric, and put in all the lines with black ink, so that they can be seen through a double fold of muslin. Lay the pink muslin over the white, and tack them down together evenly and smoothly to the glazed cambric. Buttonhole around all the lines of the pattern with very fine flourishing thread; finally cut away all the pink muslin left outside these lines of buttonhole stitches, leaving a pink design edged with white against a foundation of white muslin. Net is nearly as well adapted for this work as muslin; the colored part then should be muslin against a background of net. The extreme edge of such d'oyleys should be traced out in large scallops, edged with buttonhole-stitch, and afterwards cut out.

Some ladies are very clever at embroidering monograms and letters in the corners of their handkerchiefs, but for those who desire a wider scope for their energies I may recommend the new way of embroidering sheets. The top edge of the sheet, where it folds over the bed when it is made up, can be handsomely embroidered with white linen thread in satin-stitch for about a foot or fourteen inches of its depth. The design should be a bold one, and color may be added, if preferred to plain white. The embroidery should be as thick and handsome as possible. This style of ornamentation will wear well and wash well, and it is more sensible than the sham sheets we have seen of late.

Floss silk embroidery is pretty and useful for a great variety of purposes, notably for panels, fronts, waistcoats and cuffs of evening dresses. Care must be taken when commencing this style of work that the hands are perfectly smooth, and not roughened by any kind of plain work, which is best laid aside till this is finished. The main disadvantage of floss silk is its tendency to wear rough, so that every care must be taken to keep it smooth as long as possible. Let the material chosen be either China crepe, fine cashmere, or nun's cloth, in any pretty delicate color. Trace out a design as much like an Indian one as possible, and work it in long satin stitches, letting them lie against the material as flatly as possible. The stems must be worked in ordinary crewel stitch, but berries, centres of flowers, and such designs, must be worked in with satin stitch over a foundation of stitches, or a wee piece of cotton wool laid on first to serve as padding. This work looks charming on flannel dressing-gowns or jackets, while dainty little head flannels for infants may be worked in the same way, and will sell at a bazaar stall by dozens. White floss silk on pale blue or pink is pretty, and many would admire the effect of the white on dove-color or fawn-colored nun's cloth. If the work is intended to be made up as an evening dress to follow the outlines after the embroidery is finished, with fine gold or tinsel is a very great improvement.

All papas and mammas have exactly that sort of sight which distinguishes objects at a distance clearly, while they need spectacles to see those under their very nose.

Confidential Correspondents.

L. H. W.—It is totally out of our power to recommend persons what situations they ought to take, or how they are to obtain them, otherwise than by advertisement in the daily newspapers or by the interest of their own friends.

MEKAL.—Wood-pulp may be made by heating wood-chips, sawdust, etc., under pressure in iron boilers with sulphite of soda, potash, or lime the washed and purified pulp is saturated with size, china-clay, etc., and pressed into moulds to harden.

MRS. H.—Raise the arm over the head and keep it there for five or ten minutes. Thoroughly oil the finger, and then get some one to pull off the ring upwards; the patient had better sit on the floor. If this treatment fails, the ring must be cut off or filed through.

MARY S.—It is an old Roman Catholic practice, revived in the Church of England by many people of Ritualistic tendencies. The sign of the cross is merely a symbol of Christian belief, and was regarded in ancient times as possessing a special talismanic virtue against demons and all the powers of darkness.

NO. 55.—Cockades are properly confined to the servants of persons holding the Queen's commission in England. But, if any American chooses to stick one on his coachman's hat, we do not see what there is to prevent him. It is a little bit of social assumption, contemptible enough in its own way, but open to no reproof any wholesome ridicule.

VIOLA.—For Fair Rosamund see any good biographical dictionary. "Tristan and Iseult" is one of the old Arthurian legends, about which you can read at full length in Mallory's Morte d'Arthur. The story has been made the subject of innumerable poems, of which the best known are one of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" and Swinburne's "Tristram of Lyonnesse." Undine is a German fairy romance by De la Motte Fouque. It has been frequently translated into French and English.

ELITE.—The case is an odd one altogether, but we take your father's side. The young man cannot care for you as he should. If he loved you, as we think those engaged to marry ought to love each other, he would as soon think of jumping into a lake of fire and brimstone, as escort other ladies to places against your wishes. His explanation besides, that he is waiting for your father's consent, has such an offensive air of owning you about it that we set the youth down at even a less value, than your father puts him. We think you would do well to let him go.

HAY.—You are one of the many hundreds who lose their money through trusting persons whom they like. In your case it is useless to cry out, for you have no remedy whatever, and no court of law could find one tittle of evidence in favor of your claim. Write the big debt off as bad, and "cut your loss" without going to law. We wish that people would learn to deal in a business-like fashion when money is in question. Never mind whom you deal with; treat father, mother, brother, sister, and friend in the same way, and take the bare word of no man, however much you may really trust and esteem him.

RELWALDASON.—If you will excuse us for forming so harsh an opinion, we are distinctly inclined to suppose that the lady returned your engagement-ring "broken into little pieces" for some good and sufficient reason; for we do not for a moment imagine that you are asking us a purely abstract question. Nor do we think very highly of a man who, after his engagement has been broken off, casts aspersions upon the ladylike character of the girl who has just rejected him. You have asked for our opinion, and we are constrained to give it to you; if you do not like it, you have the usual alternative.

PHYNEMAR.—As a rule, a young married lady may certainly invite an old lover to dinner. The theory and practice of society are that marriage wipes out the very memory of all previous little love-affairs. But your third question makes us hesitate to say whether in your case such a course would be wise. We suspect that you still entertain an undue affection for the rejected lover, and do not greatly care for the man you have done so wrong in marrying. If this be so, your only safety lies in never seeing your lover again. Avoid temptation. Of your two alternatives, we certainly admire most the girl who marries the person she really loves.

R. E. EMS.—Oh, no! There is no "premium" offered anywhere on earth for the discovery of perpetual motion, and that for a very good reason too—all sensible people everywhere know that perpetual motion is a simple physical impossibility. Read and try to understand Stewart's "Conservation of Energy," and you will then see why this is so. All energy tends always to be dissipated into space. In any machine there must inevitably be friction or its equivalent in some form or other—that is to say a loss of energy in the course of working. This lost energy must needs be replaced from outside, and so your machine fails of necessity to possess perpetual motion.

A. W.—If you have not influence enough to keep the young man from tippling and idling now, we fear that your chances after marriage would be poor. We know exactly the type of lad of which your lover is an exemplar, and we never knew any one of them come to good. Idleness in their case leads to shocking evils. Take our advice, and go away. You do not seem to be violently in love, and you will soon forget an attachment which can end only in squalor and misery for you. Could you only see the life led by the children of an idle sot, you would be horrified. If your sweetheart were a mere feather-brained fellow who broke into dissipation from sheer light-heartedness, you might reclaim him, but there is only a scanty chance in your case.

CARRIE.—We do not think there is anything that will improve a memory bad in the way you mention. The only thing to do is strenuously to make up your mind that you will not forget, and say as you go that you have so many things to do or to order. The first and most important point is to pause and think at the right moment. It must be thoughtlessness which causes your trouble. If you ask yourself plainly, "Was I sent for soap alone, or had not I also to get candles?" you will surely remember. Link the things together in your memory by saying, for example, in this case, "It was two things, both for the bed-room." But, if you cannot succeed thus, there is nothing for it but to keep a little pocket note-book and make a list whenever needful.